

# LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year—Feb. 27, 1915

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

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# THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: :: ASSOCIATE



## FITTING PUNISHMENT TO CRIME

OUTSIDE comment on two incidents noted of late in the Los Angeles superior courts is not altogether felicitous reading. Reference is had to the case of a young man, sentenced to ten years in San Quentin for burglary, who, placed on probation, violated his good conduct pledge by stealing Bibles from a church. Was he sent north promptly to serve the suspended sentence? Not at all. The trial judge gave him his liberty, it is reported, because he could differentiate the two thieves crucified with the Savior. One repented, the other did not, and for this glib answer the purloiner of Bibles was restored to freedom, and the opportunity to tap the church poor box next if he is so minded. The other item that has invited tart criticism is the remark attributed to another superior court judge, in which he is quoted as saying, "This is a novel case, and as I apprehend that it will be appealed in any event, I want any rulings I may decide to hand down to amount to something."

Doubtless, the jurist did not mean to imply that he was not equally careful in all his decisions, but the language, to say the least, was unfortunate and open to misconception. Both incidents, however, have been seized upon by newspapers in California and beyond, as reflecting upon that calm and unbiased judgment which should ever be at the base of all judicial outgivings. A Fresno editor suggests, in the case of the twice paroled thief, that hereafter every person on trial for a felony be asked the question, "Where was Moses when the light went out?" and in the event of a correct answer that he be placed on probation or discharged. Of course, that is the reductio ad absurdum, but we are not sure that it is any more ridiculous than the course taken by the judge in releasing the culprit who stole the Bibles. Why not a problem in Euclid for elucidation and if correctly solved immunity for the mathematician?

In fact, we can see boundless possibilities in this manner of dealing with the criminal class. For the lifter of Bibles, a New Testament poser; for the automobile thief an algebraic problem; for the bank robber an interest-table snap question, and so on, in every line of light-fingered industry, fitting the judicial query to the crime and awarding liberty for the correct answer. In time, this would give us eminent classified pupils in law-breaking with, doubtless, professors operating in tutorial schools, modernized Fagans, as it were, only of much greater pretensions. Retired cracks-

men, before departing to that other bourne might leave benefactions to found chairs for the purpose of instructing students in their favorite branch of service—counterfeiting, forgery or other of the politer but illicit pursuits. With judges consistently releasing the graduates of our notable criminal institutions because of their scholarly acquirements in their chosen field, there is no limit to the erudition that may be expected of the well-equipped transgressor of the law. Really, the Los Angeles superior court judge has given us food for reflection that opens endless vistas in jurisprudence.

## MR. TAFT'S TRUE PATRIOTISM

WHETHER or not former President Taft is a tentative candidate for reoccupancy of the White House is hardly material to the concrete fact that his public addresses of late have been models of sound sense and replete with sturdy Americanism—not of the jingo stripe, but of loyalty and patriotism. Never before has Mr. Taft appeared in so favorable a light as a publicist, a teacher, a guide and counsellor of the masses, showing the way out of difficulties, interpreting vexed questions, indicating political pitfalls and venturing, from his vast storehouse of experience, advice so excellent that not to heed it were to be foolhardy. The heart that was once indifferent to the Taftian phrases, when they were unduly influenced by political environment, now warms to the sensible utterances of this fine type of American who has certainly grown in mental stature and attained a clearer vision since the people disciplined him for his remissness in regard to his pre-election pledges.

In his address before the Washington Association of New Jersey last Monday he pointed out the grave issue likely to arise because of the variation from the rules of international law governing the action of belligerents toward neutral trade, as instanced by the planting of mines in the sea and the use of submarines to send neutral vessels to the bottom without inquiry as to their neutrality. When such violation results in the destruction of the lives of American citizens or of American property, in the duty of maintaining our national rights and our national honor will devolve upon the President and Congress a judgment so momentous that awful consequences to our country may ensue. With a proper appreciation of such a crisis Mr. Taft cautions his fellow-citizens that our pride or momentary passion must not be allowed to sway those in authority, adding, "We must exercise the deliberation that the fateful consequences in the loss of our best blood and the enormous waste of treasure would necessarily impose upon us. We must allow no jingo spirit to prevail. We must abide by those in whom we have entrusted the authority, and when the President shall act we must stand by him to the end. In this determination we may be sure that all will join, no matter what their previous views, no matter what their European origin. All will forget their differences in self-sacrificing loyalty to our common flag and our common country."

It is a splendid message to the people, none the less impressive because it is unofficial. Even as Mr. Wilson is striving to the height of his powers to keep the United States out of trouble by observing and enforcing the strictest neutrality, so also did the Father of his Country, as Mr. Taft reminded his hearers, mark the third great achievement of his presidential term in the main-

tenance of a policy of neutrality through a general European war, often against mighty odds and under conditions that tried his soul. In closing his thoughtful and helpful talk, after referring to the criticism launched at the administration because it did not protest against every violation of international law committed by one set of belligerents against the others, Mr. Taft pointed out that such protest must inevitably and materially injure our attitude of neutrality without accomplishing any good. "We are not sitting as judges of issues between countries in Europe in this great war," he reminded his hearers. "We are seeking to maintain strict neutrality, and until our decision is invoked, with an agreement to abide by our judgment and recommendation for settlement, we need not embroil ourselves by official expressions of criticism or approval of the acts of the participants in the war." It is excellent advice, all the more worthy of consideration because it comes from a leader of the minority party whose mental vision is so clarified that he can divest himself of all narrow partisanship in the effort to serve his country as a true patriot should.

## SELF-ABNEGATION OF A HUSBAND

DENVER courts have under consideration a suit for divorce presenting a variation from the customary triangular relations. A married man asks legal separation from his wife so that she may find happiness in the heart and home of his friend, a fellow club member, who advised him of the situation by admitting his love for the wife and urging that she be freed of her marital obligations "since she will come to me, anyway." With a philosophy of life altogether unusual the husband after assuring himself that conditions were as stated, concluded to relinquish his claims and by getting legal release enable his friend to espouse the unshackled woman. It is not disclosed on what grounds he will achieve the freedom sought; possibly, the club friend, with unabashed frankness, has furnished the necessary evidence.

But the point we would make is that husbands as a rule are so headstrong and arbitrary, so prone to take offence because other men see and covet in their wives those virtues or charms they themselves saw and coveted that they fail to show the self-abnegation revealed by the Denver philosopher. He realizes that woman may be coaxed, but not coerced, also that the privilege to change her mind is always imminent. Why should not another man admire those attributes that first attracted him and incited that wooing which gave him a wife? Of course, the average bachelor will respect the unwritten law that interdicts trespass, but when two congenial souls come in contact, with the husband a superfluous third, his sole sensible recourse is to eliminate himself. We will admit that such a procedure entails a severe blow to one's amour propre, but better that than years of bickering and misery for the unmatched pair, with a possibility, always, of scandal and dishonor. John Ruskin was wise enough to reach such a conclusion and with calm serenity abandoned his legal claims to the wife whose affection was bestowed elsewhere. True, he had little in common with her from the outset; she was frivolous and fond of society; he bored to death by it. The marriage was a mistake. Let us hope Millais never regretted the divorce.

But why should there be any hesitation in the separation of two unmated beings? What man

in his right senses would care to hold a woman to her vows when her heart was given to another? His pride, of course, would demand her retention, but his reason would be in revolt. If there is anything sadder in life than the conjugal differences of an ill-assorted pair we have yet to discover it. Unfortunately, man and woman, for the sake of appearances, continue to be mutually and individually wretched, even when no third person has intervened to register his or her counter claims. We regard the Denver case as unusual in more ways than one. First, because of the husband's sensible course. Second, in that the male friend frankly and fairly stated the situation, thus giving the husband opportunity to do the decent thing. How few interloping members of the domestic triangle are thus considerate? As a rule, when they intervene no thought of an honest alliance is contemplated when a wife is won from her allegiance. In the event of a discovery the Lothario betakes himself to other scenes, the woman is abandoned, the home desolated. The Denver way is the wiser way.

#### DANBURY HATTERS' SWELLED HEADS

**F**RAUGHT with great danger to the republic would have been the action of the appropriations committee of the house—in the event of the approval by congress—in including in the urgent deficiency bill an item to meet the debt of the Danbury hatters. Although strongly besought by Gompers to do so the committee declined to consider the proposal and the appropriation bill goes to the house unhampered by so extraordinary an incubus. It is unthinkable that the treasury should be mulcted to pay the fine levied on a small body of union men whose illegal conduct in the Lowe boycott case, at Danbury, Connecticut, subjected the local hatters' union to a judgment of \$250,000. It is understood that an effort will be made on the floor of the house to attach an amendment to the urgent deficiency bill when it comes up for consideration, but as a single objection will serve to block such unwise legislation, the likelihood of the last-recourse plan succeeding is extremely remote.

As well insist that in the event of the affirmation of the \$29,000,000 fine imposed against the Standard Oil Company congress should have relieved that corporation of the burden by means of legislation similar to that now urged by Gompers. The folly of such a course as well as the injustice of it requires no elaboration here. Yet the procedure is no more preposterous in the one case than in the other. Technically, the Standard Oil Company was adjudged guilty of violating certain rate rules imposed by the interstate commerce commission and Judge Landers, sitting in the federal court at Chicago, decided that a cumulative fine of the amount stated was the penalty for the alleged infractions. However, a higher tribunal set aside the decision and the big oil corporation escaped the penalization. In the case against the local hatters' union the highest tribunal in the land has reviewed the findings of the courts below and affirmed the judgment. The boycott instituted by the Danbury hatters was adjudged unlawful and punitive damages were awarded their victim. They had a fair trial, the case was fought in all the courts and the verdict as given affirmed. Having danced they must now pay the piper. To ask the country at large to shoulder their burden would be to countenance their folly and condone their practice.

Always, errors prove costly. The Danbury hatters probably took bad advice from their labor chieftains with results unfortunate for them. The judgment is rendered against 189 members of the local union whose homes can be attached for its payment. Nobody believes that they will be taken in execution. The American Federation of Labor undoubtedly will go to the relief of the Danbury branch, especially as the latter was influenced to its course by the unwisdom of high officials of

the parent body. The effort to sidestep their mistake by having congress saddle the judgment on the people at large is, of course, a prodigious bluff which the committee on appropriations has called. Action in opposition would have brought the country to its feet, en masse, in a storm of protest. Fortunately, there is no need of such a display of disapproval. Chairman John J. Fitzgerald of the seventh (New York) district stood out firmly against the proposal and was ably supported by a majority of his committee. There is no fear of the house setting aside so sensible a verdict.

#### EXPOSITION CROWDS AND PROSPECTS

**C**OMPARISONS are made on Exposition opening-day attendances, in which the Chicago and St. Louis fairs are shown to have drawn crowds many thousands fewer in numbers at their official openings than passed the turnstiles last Saturday at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. But there is this difference between Chicago and the northern metropolis, not to be overlooked: In 1893-4 the attendance at the World's Fair steadily progressed from the initial day until it reached its maximum October 9, 1894, when upward of 750,000 persons passed through the gates of the White City—that beautiful, evanescent dream in Jackson Park. The superb transportation facilities and excellent police arrangements took care of the vast crowds without a serious mishap and established a record in so doing that has been the proud boast of Chicago ever since. Needless to say, October 9 is the anniversary of the big fire of 1871, which, by destroying the ugly, ill-built city, compelled its remaking on a finer, better scale and gave it an impetus that nothing since has retarded.

San Francisco, too, has experienced a similar fiery baptism, rebounded, and now, with superb daring, caps her accomplishments by holding a world's fair. We can only hope that the succeeding months have no disappointments in store for the courageous city that has so wonderfully surmounted her misfortunes. In the panicky times of 1893-4 Chicago was aided by the influx of golden treasure brought by the visitors and although there came a reaction, succeeding the closing of the exposition, the city, in the main, largely profited by the fair, which cannot be said of the exposition cities that have come after. With travel to Europe blocked it is not unreasonable to expect an hegira coastward, especially as California offers dual attractions at San Francisco and San Diego, with Los Angeles and other points between eager to extend hospitalities.

San Francisco must depend upon the eastern influx to make her fair profitable, for while the Bay Cities and California in general will prove generous patrons the real success of the exposition lies with the public beyond the Rockies. Travel from abroad will be light; the middle west and points north should send liberal contingents, but New England, the Atlantic coast states and that fertile country lying between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi river are expected to be the mainstay of the two fairs now open to visitors. They are not likely to come in gusts, but in steady procession from now until December. San Francisco will hardly see a Chicago day repeated, but there will be occasions when the splendid crowd of last Saturday, in all probability, will be duplicated. The best of wishes for a continuous attendance at both fairs, until the year ends, is the general sentiment in Los Angeles and of all California, in fact.

#### TESTING THE MORAL CODE

**D**ISPATCHES call attention to the case of a suffragist, the wife of a Chicago railroad official who, to prove that she had equal "rights" with man, entered a house of questionable resort in Louisville where she was arrested in the act

of buying drinks for the inmates of both sexes. Her plea was that she was demonstrating the necessity for a single standard of morals, one that would hold the woman to be no whit worse than the man. It is an argument that is sadly inconclusive. The man who visits such a resort is either a weak character, sensually-inclined, self-indulgent or vicious in his tastes. The woman who seeks to follow in such footsteps merely to establish her "right" to be similarly degenerate is either a wanton or a ninny. The man who so displays his "rights" is a poor specimen of humanity, hardly worth imitating.

There is much to be said in favor of a single standard of morality; it has been a bone of contention between the sexes ever since woman became more than a mere chattel, but so long as men can have choice of pure women for life-partners they will express their preference in that direction rather than espouse women with a past. We are not oblivious of the fact that many an innocent girl is dimly aware that her affianced husband has not led a strictly virtuous life, but the whisperings that might militate against her, were the cases reversed, in nowise affect him adversely; in truth, the average woman seems to regard the man who has been "talked about" as a greater catch than the one of immaculate reputation. Perhaps, it is this weakness in the gentler sex that tends to retard the consummation of the single standard of morality. So long as the men are finical and the women less so the dual standard is likely to prevail.

Of course, there is no justice in condoning in the man what one rejects in the woman. The "right" to pursue the primrose path should be as open to the woman as to the man and with no more awkward effects. But until the laws of nature are reversed, which make woman the child-bearer, man will persist in seeking for the mother of his children the woman whose reputation is spotless. It is an inexorable law he follows, that of preservation of the race untainted. If so be he proves tainted then, alas, both parties suffer, as Brieux has so graphically portrayed in his terrible drama "Damaged Goods." But the man's punishment is inescapable; he cannot shift the curse. The pity of it is that the innocent woman must suffer, too. For the woman who errs and is repentant there should be the same quality of mercy and tolerance as is awarded the man. In fact, it is so awarded. Women who are now reputable wives, received in the "best" society, even here in Los Angeles, not always have been eligible to such association. They are no worse than their husbands, whose standing in the community is high. Nevertheless, the average self-respecting man is not emulous of the one whose marital selection is so made. Inevitably, the chaste woman is the woman of first choice.

#### GRAPHITES

Two thousand dollars for one week's service! This was not the pay of the president of a billion dollar corporation, but what a singing and preaching soldier of the cross together took away from one of the smaller Southern California cities, an amount considerably larger than any minister in the town received as a year's pay. If, as the newspapers report, Billy Sunday received forty thousand dollars for his Philadelphia campaign, who wouldn't be a revivalist?

If, as the Germans claim, they are the greatest, most vigorous race in the world, how does it happen they are the shortest lived Western European people? A table compiled before the war, from official sources, shows the average longevity of various countries, Sweden the longest, 52.30 years, France, 47.40, England 45.96, Germany 42.23.

An effective cartoon can tell a story in the shortest and most impressive way. Pages of printed words could not have shown the other side of glory, as does Johnson's drawing in the Saturday Evening Post of Feb. 13. A woman and children stumbling along loaded with the "Iron Cross."



ONE of John Lane's new spring books is "A Playmate of Philip II; being the history of Don Martin of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa, and of Dona Luisa de Borja, his wife." Lady Moreton, the author, tells us that Don Martin IV was one of the most distinguished members of one of the first families in Spain and is said to have been the original of the duke in "Don Quixote." It was, undoubtedly, his castle at Pedrola that was the scene of the famous practical jokes recounted by Cervantes. Lady Moreton's interesting history of the "Philosopher of Aragon," as Philip II nicknamed Don Martin, will be considered later; my purpose in referring to it here is because, by a happy coincidence, it came to the reviewer's table simultaneously with the arrival of a curious old folio, which I found at the Old Book Shop this week, "Pleasant Notes Upon Don Quixot," written by Edward Gayton in 1654 and of which my copy is a first edition. It is in an excellent state of preservation, in calf neat, and bears two bookplates of its former owners, Rev. I. L. Salvador and Henry Harcourt Horn. Inasmuch as the completed "Don Quixote" did not appear in the original Spanish until 1615 and received its first English translation in 1620 this witty dissertation by Gayton thirty-four years later, a book of great rarity, is a prize. Gayton seems to have been fairly prolific as an author, in the lighter literature, although neither the Century Dictionary of names notices him, nor yet Chambers' Encyclopedia of English Literature. Lowndes Bibliographer's Manual, however, credits him with the authorship of eight or ten other works and a note informs us that "an account of Gayton who 'wrote trite things merely to get bread to sustain him and his wife' will be found in Wood's Athen. Oxon." Poor Gayton! a hackwriter, in the main, to get a living for himself and family, but a merry-hearted soul and a witty one, as his "Festivous notes upon Don Quixot" attest.

I have several editions of Cervantes' masterpiece, including a minute four-volume edition, exquisitely bound in half calf, translated by Charles Jarvis and published by John Sharpe in 1809. It is a dainty specimen of the art preservative, with steel plates from Stothard paintings—that same Stothard who illustrated Rogers' Italy—besides being an excellent translation of the famous history of the famous Knight of la Manda. In his foreword "to the candid reader" Gayton admonishes that books of knight errantry, like the knights themselves, look for entertainment gratis. Hence Don Quixote obliged the places that received him and left his landlords in debt to him for his acceptance of their courtesies. His stay was not long in a place, and his pay was the sport he made. His hosts were created constables, his hostesses countesses, and his daughters ladies. Hostlers were dubbed grooms, the servants squires, tapsters yeomen of the bottle, "and so defrayed all with acts of grace and conferring of honor." Preceding his "festivous" notes—they are called "pleasant" notes on the title page—are half a dozen rhymed appreciations of the work by Gayton's friends. Several are lively comments in excellent verse on the clever annotations that follow. I append the closing half of a poem by "Anthony Hodges" because of his ingenious rhyme with "Quixot," as revealing the English pronunciation of the name of the Spanish knight of the Rueful Countenance:

Therefore, my friend, whether in prose or rime,  
What thou hast writ is satyr to the time;  
Thou feed'st the ass with thistles and with chaff,  
To make thyself, and other wise men, laugh.  
Let not the critics, then, thy work disdain,  
And say thy author's windmill's in thy brain;  
Nor yet conclude thy Pegasus is hip-shot  
Because thou'st written notes upon Don Quixot.  
Were Don alive again, he would be vex'd  
To see a comment better than his text;  
For some o' th' wits who have perused it say,  
Thine is not glossa ordinaria.

In this tribute, having derived from Gayton's notes much entertainment, I desire to add my belated acquiescence. I regret that I cannot quote freely from Gayton's text, for truth to say, it is

too strongly imbued with the freedom of the seventeenth century manners to be altogether acceptable to the modest tastes of twentieth century readers. The more I delve into the literature of Shakespeare's time the greater respect I have for the master poet and dramatist who never condescended to the salacities indulged in by his contemporaries. His genius required no extraneous aids to fame, and that the latter is enduring while that of Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden and other coarser dramatists is merely a literary memory is due largely to his fine reserve, plus his overshadowing genius. Gayton, by the way, mentions the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" in his notes, that mock-heroic drama by Beaumont and Fletcher (1613) satirizing the extravagant knightly and chivalric language put into the mouths of the middle class, a play undoubtedly suggested by Don Quixote, the first half of which was done into English in 1612. Gayton's comments are made on the "high spots," as it were, of each chapter. He takes certain expressions, as, for example: "Quoth Sancho, 'pray understand that those giants are windmills'" and in pseudo seriousness aims to prove that the squire, while not the sharper-witted, was the quicker-sighted and by subtle argument seeks to convey the impression that Sancho was so sharp-eyed that he could see through a millstone. But that is the mildest of his comparisons and notations. In the main, alas, they are so broad that polite eyes would highly disapprove. Witty, Gayton certainly is, and his comments, highly spiced as they are, have yet great merit. Still the inability or disinclination to discriminate between humor and vulgarity militates against unalloyed pleasure in his "festivous" notes. Not having the genius of a Rabelais Gayton falls short when he attempts to follow in the footsteps of the celebrated Frenchman. Nevertheless, the dissertations are lively and witty when they are not gross and, considering the date (1654) reveal the work of a trenchant critic.

As with Homer, seven cities claimed the honor of Cervantes' birth—Seville, Madrid, Esquivias, Toledo, Lucena and Alcazar de San Juan, but it is fairly well established that he was born in Alcalá de Henares in October 1547. From his childhood he evinced a great fondness for books and at an early age his parents took him to Madrid where he was placed under the care of a learned professor. At 22 he journeyed into Italy where he enlisted and at the famous battle of Lepanto was so severely wounded that he lost the use of his left hand and arm. At 28 he was captured by the Moors and carried into captivity at Algiers, remaining five years in durance when he was ransomed. Returning to Madrid Cervantes devoted himself to literature and in 1584 published a pastoral novel "Galatea," in six books, interspersed with songs and verses. Following his marriage he wrote several comedies, which were produced at Madrid. For ten years succeeding he wrote for the stage, but not to any great profit nor yet fame. He was past fifty when he began his immortal "History of Don Quixote." It was projected and written in La Mancha and the first part was printed in Madrid in 1605 and dedicated to the Duke de Bejar. In 1613 he printed his twelve "Exemplary Novels," so-called, because, he explains, his other novels had been censured as more satirical than exemplary. The titles of the stories are inviting and felicitous: "The Little Gipsy," the "Generous Lover," "Rinconete and Cortadilla," the "Spanish-English Lady," the "Glass-Doctor," the "Force of Blood," the "Jealous Estremaduran," the "Illustrious Servant Maid," the "Two Damsels," the "Lady Cornelia Bentivoglio," the "Deceitful Marriage," and the "Dialogue of the Dogs."

It was the extraordinary success of his first part of "Don Quixote" which induced Cervantes to write a continuation of the history. It was anticipated, however, by the publication of a spurious second part by Avellanda, a work so much inferior, both in plot and wit, to the great original that it soon fell into the contempt it invited. In 1615 appeared the genuine second part, which greatly increased the reputation of the author. Notwithstanding the general applause bestowed on his book, Cervantes' fate, like that of other great geniuses, was to be neglected and not having any interest at court, no pension was secured for him against poverty. Eight comedies that followed "Don Quixote" brought in very little cash and the author's poor health added to his discomforts. April 23, 1616, on the same day that his equally great contemporary Shakespeare expired in England, Cervantes passed away in Madrid, calm and serene and amiable to the end. His funeral was as poor and obscure as his life had been; no stone, inscription, or memorial of any kind, was made to mark the place of interment. Good nature and candor,

charity, humanity and compassion for the infirmities of man in his most abject state, and, consequently, an abhorrence of cruelty, persecution and violence appear to have been the virtues and predominant good qualities of his soul.

S. T. C.

### What Is a Real Christian?

IMPRIMIS, a real Christian makes many mistakes and is not afraid to make others.

He believes that it is his duty to try to make the world a bit better for his having lived and that God understands when a Christian makes a mistake in the attempt to do something better than it has been done.

He believes in the Word of God and can reason the WHY of it all.

Without finding a solution he still has the faith to keep on doing the best he can.

Often, he starts out in the morning with a prayer on his lips and a sincere desire to pass through a better day's living and by noon forgets God. But at night he is not afraid to go to God and ask for another trial.

He knows that God understands and that Christ walks with him every day.

As fellowmen he loves them and has a sympathy for them though, perhaps, for a moment, now and then, he may say or do something inimical to man that he is sorry for afterward, when he steps into the sanctum of his lonely thoughts.

He believes in the great law of Compensation in the big, broad way.

He never maliciously promotes the happiness or confidence or interests of his fellow man for his own profit.

Every woman is his mother and Mary until she proves to HIM that she is not.

He pities the man or woman shackled with a habit and realizes that, perhaps, a cause started them outside of their deliberate intention.

He has no sympathy with young people who deliberately place the irons of habit around their wrists.

He cannot take a human life because he knows that human life belongs to God. To take a life is again to take the life of Christ.

He cannot be a hypocrite because he knows that God watches, is a part of him and when he betrays himself he betrays the God that is in him.

His theory of his behavior in his life is this: "I believe that God's way is best. All He asks of me is to be the man I should be. And if I am the man He has meant me to be—the best developed man I can make myself in whatever environment I am placed in—then I will be the kind of a man I should be to my fellow men and to the world."

SHIRLEY HUNTER

### After the Storm

In the teeth of the wind from an ocean gale,  
With the sun breaking through the clouds,  
When the whitecaps hiss in their mad career  
And waves are salting the shrouds,  
There's nothing compares with a tossing ship,  
For a soul that would be free—  
Oh, then I'd change my glowing hearth  
For the sun on an emerald sea.

—LUE F. VERNON

Steward Edward White's friend, California John, had a fine philosophy of life. "You had that sawed 'way through ten minutes ago," said he. "Sawed 'way through!" I repeated stupidly. "Yes—in your mind. Your mind's been runnin' a lot faster than your saw. And you've been just bumpin', tryin' to catch up. That's what makes it hard work. Trouble is, when a man starts out to do a thing, he just nat'rally sees it all done before his eyes, and he strains himself, day in and out till it is done. A man doesn't want to give a cuss whether a thing gets done or not, but just whether he keeps workin' along at it. If he does that its bound to get done and without worryin' him." This is really one of the leading ideas of modern scientific business efficiency. The elimination of rush and worry. Not to mention persons of national renown we all number among our intimate acquaintances ones who, because of a lack of this sane and sensible point of view, have killed themselves in their prime, and, generally, failed to accomplish what they most wished to do. John, also, had opinions on the relative value of so-called great and small things. "O, hold on," I cried, "do you mean to say that you really believe it is as important to ditch that meadow as to dig the Panama canal?" "Not to Roosevelt," replied California John quietly, "mebbe to me."

# By the Way



## Chicago Man True to Form

Irresistible James Langford Stack! As successful in his heart affair as he was wont to be in business, he has won the hand of one of Los Angeles' fair daughters, and Chicago thereby scores another victory. It is twenty or more years ago that the newly-made bridegroom left the protecting wing of Lord and Thomas to begin business on his own account, and as his office was in the Herald and Post building, on the floor below the editorial rooms where I paid daily devoir, I saw him constantly. I think one of the first clients the rustling publicity agent gained was the Burlington's advertising, which he handled so satisfactorily that he retained it for years. In the two decades that followed, "Jimmy" Stack conducted so profitable a business that he was able to retire with a handsome fortune and devote himself to golf and travel. Two years ago I encountered him on the Santa Fe, en route to Honolulu, where he has a winter home, and it is thither, I believe, that he has taken his bride for their honeymoon. I can assure the friends of Miss Modini-Wood that Mrs. Stack has a most attractive husband, a man of many solid attainments and a capital fellow.

## Close Call for Wells-Fargo Men

That was a pretty startling predicament in which General Superintendent E. R. Jones of the Wells-Fargo Company found himself in Mexico City recently, when he and General Manager O'Brien of the Mexican Division faced General Villa in his private car and were coolly informed by the noted chief that they were to be shot. "I cautioned O'Brien to be quiet," said Mr. Jones to me in recounting the affair, "for the situation was ticklish. Then, with all the force I could muster, I advised Villa that we were American citizens against whom he must proceed at his peril. I think he saw the point, and deferred immediate action, but ordered us to be locked up. What was the charge? O, Huerta had insisted on the big foreign companies taking federal bonds to the extent of several million dollars, and our company was forced to subscribe for a goodly sum. This was considered by Villa as political support of the enemy, with death as the penalty. We managed to get word to Fiero, Villa's right hand man, who wrote an order for our release, but we remained under espionage until we finally reached Vera Cruz." In spite of this experience, Mr. Jones believes Villa to be the strongest character in Mexico, with the prospect of evolving order out of the present chaos, if he is not assassinated, meanwhile. Personally, Mr. Jones is thankful to be back in Los Angeles with a whole skin.

## Problem of Border Property Owners

I do not believe Harry Chandler and the other men indicted on a charge of violating neutrality along the border, and hatching revolutions, are losing any sleep over their predicament, with all due respect to a federal grand jury. In the troubled conditions which have existed in that section for several years, it would have been simply silly for the men who have large interests there not to have taken steps to protect themselves against the various factions, which were hardly more than bandit crews. It is a simple matter to make the pacification of one of these gangsters appear in the light of an alliance against other gangsters. So long as the United States government has not recognized any government in Mexico, it is difficult to understand how any action against any of the various aspirants can be a violation of neutrality.

## More Adventures in Panama

I have been regaled this week with an account by Lanier Bartlett of his experiences arranging for the making of the moving picture film of "The Ne'er Do Well" in the Canal Zone, and if he does not work them into a magazine story he deserves a general vote of censure. One of the stories is of incidents on the island of Taboga, where there is a community as remote from civilization as if

it were at the north pole, though the costuming of the populace is decidedly different. There was here just the scenery needed for certain parts of the film drama, and Lanier went over to the island to "fix it" with the authorities. An American had married a relative of the alcalde, and was a person of considerable weight in the community. He acted as intermediary. There was a meeting of the village council in the "city hall," a room above the calaboose. It was impossible to explain to these people about motion pictures, or plays of any sort, but the American did his best to transpose the wants of the Selig Polyscope Company into Taboganese, or whatever language is prevalent there. Finally, the alcalde consented, with the proviso that the women's bathing pool should be respected. The company went to the island, and in the scenes several savage-looking individuals are used. The actors donned their makeup, and appeared on the streets. The children saw them first and fled, screaming, in every direction. One or two of the actors, with more sense of humor than common sense, drew knives, whetted them on rocks, and began chasing the terrified youngsters. It required another meeting in the city hall to get this straightened out. Then began the work of making the scenes. Not a Toboggan was to be seen, but every shutter sheltered half a dozen pairs of eyes, until, as the murder, the central incident of the day, was committed, and the action took the players out of the range of vision of the concealed watchers, curiosity overcame terror, and necks craned around corners and out of windows. Soon, fear was overcome, and, for ten cents each, a score or more of children hired themselves out to add verisimilitude to the pictures. "That evening," says Lanier, "the murder scene was reenacted by these youngsters in every alley and corner of the village."

## Prehistoric Vehicles of Panama

Among the curiosities of Panama, according to Mr. Bartlett, are the decrepit hacks, and even more decrepit animals—they can hardly be called horses—which supply the motive power. Going home to their hotel one evening, from a ball clear at the other end of the town, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Director Colin Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, and Captain McGrew of the military force at the Zone, crowded into one of these prehistoric vehicles, and the driver argued a while with the ponies. The latter finally agreed to take the party as far as the hill, at the top of which stands the Tivoli hotel. There they stopped and, their heads drooping, proceeded to go to sleep. The driver woke up and began beating them, but without results, until the women of the party protested, and Mrs. Campbell said, "Why, can't you see—they're starved to death!" It was almost literally true. Captain McGrew, in all the gleaming white of his full dress uniform, jumped out, went to the side of the road, tore up a bunch of grass, and waved it in front of the ponies' heads. The result was electrical. They jerked up immediately. Then Mr. Campbell climbed down, and he on one side and the captain on the other, luring the ponies on with a bunch of grass each, started on a run up the slope, while Mr. Bartlett, not to be outdone, went behind and shoved. Relieved of the weight of three men, and stimulated by the hope of a feed, the wretched animals broke all Panama hack records up the Tivoli hill, and late retirers at the hotel were given the novel treat of seeing an officer in gleaming white and a civilian in conventional evening dress, galloping along as the advance guard of a rickety chaise, while a bewildered native sat paralyzed on the box, two women shrieked with laughter inside, and a perspiring scenarist, also in full dress, heaved manfully behind.

## Queen's Health in Buttermilk

Miss Sibyl Mather, candidate of the Pacific Electric employes for the honor of reigning over the Southern California festivals this spring, is the first queen, so far as I know, who has been toasted in buttermilk. That this was done I know from having seen a picture of a group of her sponsors, among them being Paul Shoup, drinking her health, and I happen to know that Paul takes nothing stronger than buttermilk.

## Still "Joshing the Jitney"

Humors of the pestilential jitney continue to multiply. Here is the latest contribution to the symposium, "The Lady Jitney Driver: A Monologue," which I have just received:

(Sounds of 'honking' and machine slowing up. A feminine voice calls out:) First and Main St! All aboard! Well, what are you gawking at? I ain't asked you to go on a joy ride. There ain't enough room? Plenty of room. This bus accommodates twenty. Say, you in that back seat, crowd over. What do you think this is, a private car?

Five of you can get on that back seat in a pinch. Yes, I said pinch. Say, lady, would you mind sitting on that old gentleman's lap? Be a sport! He's old enough to be your grandfather! I'll bet it ain't the first time you ever sat on a gentleman's lap. I ain't chargin' extra. Move over, move over! Now you can get in the car, my man. Just sit right up there on the door. There's a nail in it? That's nothing. Pins and needles will be added before you get down town. That's right. Fare please! Say, what do you think I am, a millionaire? This ain't a taxi. Ain't you got some small change? You want a transfer? Well, of all the cheek! Ain't you willin' to pay five cents for ridin' down town in comfort without askin' for an exchange? I don't believe that gentleman over there has paid. Fare please! You paid? Got a receipt? All right! I guess we're ready to proceed. Everybody happy and comfortable? All aboard! (Sounds of honking. Machine moves away.)

## Lummis' Tribute to "Bob" Burdette

Charles F. Lummis has printed a poem on life in tribute to the late Dr. Robert J. Burdette, which, though it may seem a bit belated, is well worth republishing. I have followed Dr. Lummis' own capitalization, for while it is rather bizarre, possesses a subtle sort of emphasis, for the reason, I suspect, that most of the words thus made to stand out, have a symbolical meaning, which thus gains in force. Here are the stanzas:

Robert J. Burdette  
(1844-1914)

A tiny, tireless Tenement  
That faced the Long War's gruelling Hell,  
A lean, grey, homely face that meant  
New Heart to all his smile befell;  
Head, heart and soul of well-spring Joy  
That kept him Seventy Years a Boy.

And when at last he Slept—  
Their Mate so many years—  
Wit sat aside and wept,  
And Mirth ran back to tears;  
And we that earthly walked with him  
Found all our Day and Stars grown dim.

But the High Sunshine knew him best  
Who was its vicar among men—  
Who stored it, gave it out again  
Though cloudy days and nights oppress;  
And on the very mist that fell  
Of tears for him from every eye,  
It turned the Rainbow's Faith to tell  
So Glad a Soul shall Never Die.

His life is in the millioned lives  
His dear contagion touched with Health;  
His treasure Over There derives  
For that he taught the Truer Wealth,  
God rest his gentle soul—and lend  
His spirit with us to the end!

## Julius Black Only Four Days Behind

Hardly had the presses begun rumbling off last week's issue of The Graphic, containing the information concerning the birth of a son and heir to George Black, at Portland, February 15, when the telephone rang and apprized me that upon his brother Julius had been bestowed a similar blessing, though of the opposite sex. The date was Friday, February 19, at the home of the parents, 977 Westmoreland.

## Is There No Protection From This?

Is there no way the public can be protected from the crimes committed in the name of poetry? The opening of the San Francisco Exposition set all the bromides scribbling, but of all the grisl the one which suggests most of all that it was turned out in response to a command from the make-up editor, "Give me a poem to fill a four and a half inch double column hole," is acknowledged by Ned Lawrence of the Herald, to have been his own original sin. He begins by rhyming "hemisphere" with "now and here," apparently not realizing that it would take the genius of a W. S. Gilbert to furnish a fit mate for the trisyllable. "The Spirit of the West contrasts its realm with that of Mars" is a line in which I defy anyone to find a meaning. But if it has no reason, at least it has rhyme, for "Mars" obviously was brought in to match up with "bazaars." "Bells ring and beacons blaze afar to all the worried world" he goes on. Why is the world worried? Because of the poetry being written? Or for fear the blazing beacons will set fire to Bill Jones' hen-house? But the gem of the creation is this couplet:

Upon the past, the obsolete along dire hist'ry's track  
The sons of men with hearts of hope shall turn regretful back.  
If the sons of men have hearts of hope, why

should they turn regretful back upon the past or the obsolete? And in view of the fact that we are "heirs of all the ages in the foremost ranks of time," why should we cast contumely upon our birthright by leaving out the o in history, and calling her "dire"? These are indeed morbid thoughts to be born of this great and glorious occasion, the opening of the 1915 Fair. Try it again, Mr. Lawrence, and beg the managing editor not to cramp you so for space.

#### Are There Degrees of Judicial Care?

In the Examiner of February 18 I read the following statement, ascribed to Judge York in connection with the Los Angeles Investment Company litigation before him: "This is a novel case, and as I apprehend that it will be appealed in any event, I want any rulings I may decide to hand down to amount to something." I hope that Judge York was misquoted. It, surely, is a deplorable state of affairs, if a judge is going to be more careful in deciding a case that he knows will be reviewed by the supreme court, than if he thinks his judgment will be accepted as final. It recalls the line from "The Servant in the House": "God's not looking—let's grab all we can." The first requisite of a judge worthy of a place on the bench, is to be as conscientious in his decision of a matter involving only a few dollars, as one which affects such a great institution as the Los Angeles Investment Company. I repeat, I trust Judge York was misquoted.

#### News of Germans in Japan

In an address he recently gave before the students of the University of Southern California, Dr. D. B. Schneider of the German Reformed Church, who is president of a Japanese College at Sendai and has a leading place as an educator in the empire, remarked on the chivalrous spirit shown by the Japanese government during the present war. It had allowed a professor on the faculty of one of its universities to go off to Tsing-tao at the call of his country, and did not even stop his salary. Another German, Osin Nielson by name, was so overcome by the same order to join the colors, that he committed suicide on Mt. Ohira in Idzu province. This was the letter he sent (in German) to the headmaster of Ito elementary school, in explanation of his act: "I grieve to see my Fatherland at war with yours, which is so dear to me. The European war is the harbinger of the downfall of Germany, and I would rather die than see the doom of my land."

#### Embargo Upon Girls' Complaints

It is high time that the police placed an embargo upon the publication of sensational stories by girls who claim that they have been criminally mistreated. After the public indignation has been worked up to fever pitch, it is usually found that there was a great deal more to the case than the "wronged" young woman told. Let us be spared these nauseating tales, at least until the police have become fully possessed of the facts.

#### Jack Spreckels' Leaning Toward Stage

It will not be any great surprise to friends of John D. Spreckels Jr. to know that he is to marry a dancer. Jack has been interested in affairs and folk theatrical for many years, even before his divorce. Nor was this mere sentimental attachment, either, for I am told that he was a heavy investor in the production of "The Bird of Paradise" with Oliver Morosco.

#### Picturesque Versus Truthful

Newspaper history generally concerns itself more with telling a pretty story than stating the exact facts: "One of the most heroic and stubborn defenses ever made by a besieged city was that of Charleston, S. C. After eighteen months of almost continual bombardment from land and sea, a period of famine, want and misery, for the garrison and citizens who had remained, the Stars and Bars were hauled down from Ft. Sumter February 18, 1865." It is certainly a peculiar sort of a "siege" which could be terminated by the arrival of the enemy at a place one hundred and thirty miles distant, but Sherman's entry at Columbia was what had happened. In no military or reasonable sense of the word was Charleston besieged during the Civil War. The harbor defenses were attacked by both army and navy, but only a few shots from one gun reached the city. The land approaches were absolutely untouched, and communication between the city and the forts, which were on islands, was never interrupted. What want and misery there were was only a part of the general condition of the entire Confederacy. One wonders if the inhabitants of Paris in 1870 would have seen in the food conditions in Charleston in 1864-5 a famine?

#### FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

FOR three full days San Francisco has devoted herself to high festival, and now comes down to everyday routine completely satisfied with the realization of her great dream. For a week before the great day of the Exposition's opening there was but one fear,—that rain and storm might mar the glory of the celebration. Fearful ones found consolation with Lloyd's who for a premium of \$16 on the hundred insured them against one-twentieth of an inch of rain. Dawn was ushered in with a sharp hailstorm, and there were a few light showers in the morning, but at noon, as if in honor of the formal opening, Old Sol smiled and asserted his supremacy for the remainder of the day. Revised estimates show that all records for world fairs were beaten, 216,000 persons having passed the gates on the opening day.

By this time hundreds of Los Angelans will have returned home, brimful of impressions, determined to come again, and enthusiastic advocates of the unique character of the Exposition City. Their spoken verdict is more convincing than any written word. Here is Colonel "Jim" Lankershim, who, youthful as he looks and feels, confesses to having attended every great exposition in the last half century and says: "It is far greater in every way. Its buildings are more perfectly planned and built, its location more superb, its ornamentation more harmonious." Among others whose fervent praise is quoted by the Examiner this morning are Bradner W. Lee, John S. Mitchell, Marshall Stimson, Thomas D. Campbell and Ernest R. Werden.

Quite one of the most cheerful countenances among the great human exhibit Saturday was that of J. J. Byrne. Apparently, he had been with a party of railroad men to the Transportation Palace and was about to seek relaxation on the Zone.

It has been calculated that the curious can exhaust all the sensations of the Zone for the sum of \$75, but it would take many days' hard labor and nerve-force to accomplish the feat. The attractions, however, are by no means limited to thrilling experiences in various diabolically-concocted vehicles. After you have lost your breath on the scenic railways, after your feet have slipped from under you and you have seen your best girl's petticoats agitated by compressed air in the Jester's palace, after your insides have turned turtle in the Bowls of Joy, and you have ridden a camel or been shot skyward in the aeroscope, you can descend to earth and quietly contemplate the engineering marvels of the Panama Canal or take a trip through the Grand Canon of Arizona.

Experienced sightseers may approach some of these attractions with diffidence, such as "Creation," imported from Coney Island, and if philosophical will not resent being "taken in" once in a while. But in the case of the Panama Canal model and the Grand Canon panorama, there will be no regrets. The verisimilitude is wonderful. The Grand Canon is such a valuable asset to the Santa Fe that I should not be surprised to learn that the railroad was backing this reproduction. It must have cost a large sum of money to construct, and though the great crowds on the opening day seemed rather shy of it all my fellow tourists were equally delighted with their half-dollar investment.

In the Fine Arts' palace alone did I hear other than unalloyed expressions of delight. Here, surely, quantity surpasses quality. There are, of course, a great many fine paintings, but there are also a great many more that might with advantage be transferred to the Zone. The Futurist school is represented in great force, and, unfortunately, their daubs are of so startling a nature that you cannot escape them, though you would. Some of them might be characterized as puzzle pictures. You are confronted with a limpid lump of flesh, and the task is to distinguish the arms from the legs. The lazy vagaries of the Impressionists are models of clarity in comparison with certain of the bad dreams of the most vivid of the Futurists.

Erudition is no more a necessary qualification for a commissioner in Oakland's city government than with your own city fathers. The other day the Oakland commissioners were debating a name for the celebration which is to mark the opening of the magnificent city hall on May 1. One of the commissioners thought Mardi Gras would be very timely. Strange as it may seem, his suggestion found a seconder.

Some of the architects have a grouch. The Ex-

position owes everything to the architects and their names have been blazoned in fame. Willis Polk is properly shocked at the decision of Director-General Skiff who has ruled that architecture is a liberal, not a fine art. Hence, any architect who desired to exhibit must look for space not in the Palace of Fine Arts but in the Liberal Arts Building. When the American Institute of Architects learned of Dr. Skiff's decision, it was unanimously decided that its members should not exhibit.

Mayor Rolph continues to add to his popularity. Last week, as a member of the shipping firm of Hind, Rolph and Company, he gave the Union Iron Works an order for the construction of a \$250,000 steamship. This was followed by orders for three more steamships of similar cost from other sources, which means a distinct revival in this long neglected industry and the consequent employment of several hundred men. One of the noisiest and most aggressive of the labor leaders, Andrew Gallagher, has announced his candidacy for the mayoralty, and Eugene Schmitz is still in the field. It will be seen that the opposition to Mayor Rolph is not serious.

Jury duty is often a severe tax upon civic conscience. In a murder trial here last November, the evidence seemed so complete that neither the district attorney's office nor the judge looked for anything but a verdict of guilty. After an unexpected delay the jury acquitted the prisoner. Three months later the conscience of one of the jurors troubled him so much that he wrote a letter to the judge, demanding that an investigation be held. The inquiry brought out the fact that during the jury's deliberations one of the body had fallen into a deep sleep. The somnolent juror retaliated upon the complainant by stating that he had heard the latter telephone his wife, but the complainant explained that it was only to tell her that he would not be home for dinner. The judge concluded that there was nothing abnormal about this jury, and took the occasion to compliment juries in general.

Getting up petitions is a favorite pastime with persons of unpractical mind. But it seems time to call a halt on the petition habit when school children's signatures are solicited to protest against the capital punishment of a murderer like young Bundy. Yet the authorities in the schools of that notable seat of learning and refinement, Berkeley, are permitting it. R. H. C.  
San Francisco, Feb. 23.

#### POETRY AND OTHERWISE

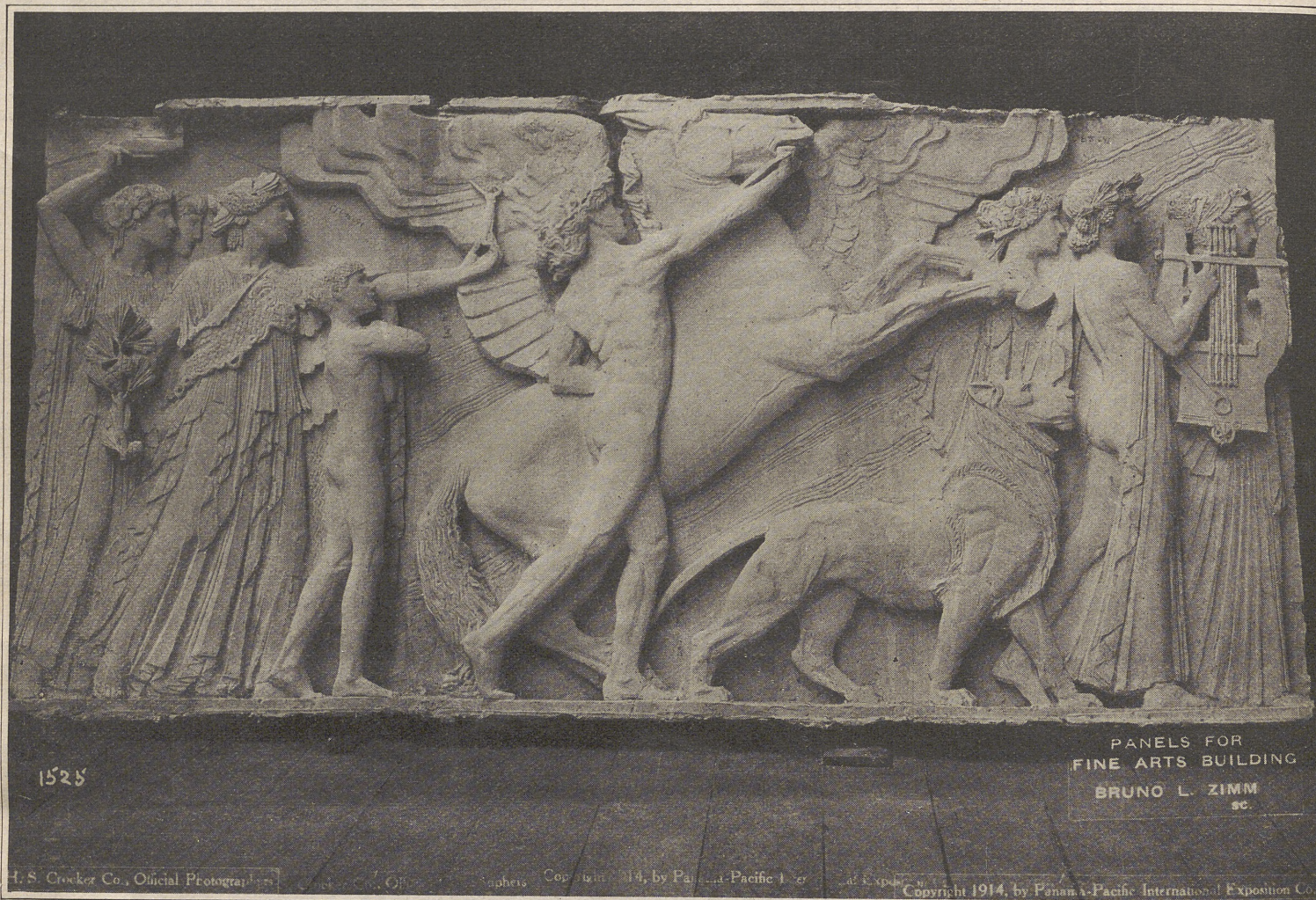
RECENTLY we noted the difference between war poetry and poetry about war. With the solemn measures of Masfield's "August 1914" still in mind, along comes another book of verses of far different caliber. "Who would have suspected that Barrie would become heavy-footed?" a reviewer asked in considering his bad playlet, "The Day;" but, even worse than that, who would have suspected Richard le Gallienne of any desire to thump a tub? The book is called "The Silk-hat Soldier," and here is the first stanza of the awful thing—call it not a poem—which gives the volume its title:

I saw him in a picture, and I felt I'd like to cry—  
He stood in line,  
The man "for mine,"  
A tall silk-hatted "guy"—  
Right on the call,  
Silk hat and all,  
He'd hurried to the cry—  
For he loves England well enough for England to die.

It is only a little book, glory be, and, at least, if Mr. Le Gallienne has descended to the same level as the other special pleaders, who have sold their genius to the politicians, he has been a bit less prolix than several who might be mentioned. The royalties go to the Belgian relief fund. Let us hope that the fund is not relying greatly upon them. ("The Silk-hat Soldier" and other poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane Co.)

Passing from the broader scope of bellicose verse to an intensely personal note, one of the most interesting volumes of American poetry published in recent years is a sequence of fifty-seven sonnets by Arthur Davidson Ficke, "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." These were published originally in the Forum, and the author recently fathered a poetical drama also, "Mr. Faust," which was reviewed at length in The Graphic at the time. Mr. Ficke is primarily a poet of ideas. His verse lacks the fine qualities of the master of rhythm, and, as has been pointed out by another reviewer, the sonnet is a tricky form of expression for a man who is not an absolute expert in its use. Yet several of these sonnets were selected by Braithwaite for his 1914

## Panel from Fine Arts Building, Panama-Pacific Exposition



Anthology of Magazine Poetry. With all the respect in the world for so expert a complier as Braithwaite, however, I would submit that three of the finest of the sonnets were overlooked in the selection. They are as follows:

### XVII.

O rare and holy, O taper lit for me  
Before vast altars in the lonely dark,—  
Without your gleam, dim were my soul to see  
Where in star-spaces, imperial and stark  
And sacrosanct, his ancient throned reign  
God holds o'er stars and swallows as of yore;  
Up through his Gothic vault I yearned in vain  
And turned back baffled from him evermore.  
In secular joys I must interpret heaven;  
In ecstasies profane I must embrace  
His glory,—seek in revels lightning-riven  
All I shall ever witness of his face,—  
And in wild flight, with passion winged and shod,  
Circle and beat the citadel of God.

### XIX.

Strange! to remember that I late was fain  
To yield death back my poor undated lease,  
So wearied had I at life's gate in vain  
Asked wonders, and been doled not even peace.  
I had grown sceptic of the exalted will  
That wins not ever nearer to its aim.  
Grey seemed all lures, all calling voices still;  
Rest only seemed salvation.... Then you came  
And filled my dusk with stars. I understood  
At last what coward languor had been mine.  
And as your sweetness stung my brain and blood  
Like the wild rapture of some winged wine  
I stormed the gates that crusts to beggars give!  
Life decks its halls for him who dares to live.

### XLI.

What Beatrice was, so much you are  
To me now wandering with an exile's eyes  
In regions where no road to paradise  
Mounts, and the solace glimmers of no star.  
There stretch between us gulfs of many a war;  
The ancient hills to sunder us arise.  
And yet I crave, from Fate that all denies,  
You near in dream, who are in truth so far....

"Though all the powers that thwart your life and mine  
Thereto consent, yet can I never be  
Your Beatrice. I can never shine  
Pale, starry in your heaven; nay, unto me  
One lot alone my stormy Fates assign,—  
To leave you,—or to clasp you utterly!"

Virility and passion abound in Mr. Ficke's sonnets, though there is not a complete happiness, at all times, in making the thought conform to the ironclad limitations of the classic verse. However, Mr. Ficke does not allow himself to be hampered altogether, and his system of rhymes is altered frequently. Viewed as a whole the work is superior to "Mr. Faust" in which there was too much advantage taken of the liberties permitted by blank verse especially as used in dramatic work. Neither contains the suggestion that Mr. Ficke has yet done anything like his best work, and his next poetry, doubtless, will display a closer coordination of style and matter than either the drama or the sonnets. ("Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." By Arthur Davidson Ficke. Mitchell Kennerley.)

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the Ficke sonnets and the "Songs of Kabir," translated into English by Rabindranath Tagore, though to open the book at random one might be misled. For example, apparently, it is not such a far cry from Kabir to Ficke when one finds the Hindu sage of the fifteenth century singing:

More than all else do I cherish at heart that love  
which makes me to live a limitless life in  
this world.  
It is like the lotus, which lives in the water and  
blooms in the water; yet the water cannot  
touch its petals—they open beyond its reach.

It is like a wife who enters the fire at the bidding  
of love. She burns and lets others grieve,  
yet never dishonors love.  
This ocean of the world is hard to cross; its waters  
are very deep. Kabir says: "Listen to me  
O Sadhu! few there are who have reached its  
end."

But it is not of any earthly love that Kabir sings. In fact, this series of almost entirely unrelated songs bears a striking resemblance to the Song of Solomon, but its imagery, if rather more elusive, is more refined. It is seldom that Kabir revels in the contemplation of physical beauty as an analogy to the spiritual beauty which is the theme of his muse. There is all the natural perfume of the Orient, faint music, exotic languor, swaying palms, the sound of distant bells, and withal an exalted spirituality. It is poetry only in the generic sense, having hardly even so much of an attempt at cadence as Whitman, but for the devotee of the true Oriental philosophy, this offers an insight into the fountain-head of the real interpretation in comparatively simple form, of the essence of Brahminism. ("Songs of Kabir." Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company.) R. B.

### Snyder's Friends Meet Him at Last

Hooray for dress reform! Meredith Pinckney Snyder has shaved his moustache. It was a glad day for the newspaper wits when they discovered, at the time Snyder was mayor, that his middle name was Pinckney, as it fitted his hirsute adornment so well that the transition to Pinkey was inevitable. Now, for the first time in years, the friends of the successful banker know what he had hidden beneath the umbrageous growth.

# Cheaters

THIS week's Orpheum bill is the best in months. It runs from opera to uproar, from dances to dunces. In addition to Jomelli, a real operatic prima donna, there are two entertainers who are given a prominent place in Caroline Caffin's recent book on vaudeville, Ching Ling Foo and Kate Elinor. The comment upon the latter is keenly descriptive of her present work: "Her face is one broad, expansive smile, which seems to radiate from the top of her little nob of hair, tightly screwed to the size of a

"In his gorgeous setting of embroidered dragons on curtains of silk, varying in color and design for various acts, Ching Ling Foo presents all these bewildering fantasies with nonchalant wizardry, smiling his inscrutable smile. And the tiny Chinese children who assist him are so quaint, so unhuman and yet so childlike, that they seem like perfect toys and one feels inclined to cry out with astonishment when they run about or smile like other children."

Madame Jomelli makes but one mis-



MLLE. MARYON VADIE, DANCER, AT THE ORPHEUM

shoe-button, right down to the sole of her formidable looking boots, and from every angle of her square-built frame. She is the most familiar of friends with her audience, not only as a whole but individually and separately. You could fancy that she calls each one of them by his first name and knows his wife and how old the baby is." She has changed her make-up from the one which inspired the shoe-button remark, but her fun is just as irresistible as ever. And the same writer says of Ching Ling Foo:

take in her offering and that is when she includes "A Perfect Day" and "Home, Sweet Home" in her repertoire. Her tone is not for ballads. It is not a particularly charming tone, but it is a dominant one, handled with all the art born of knowledge and experience, and nothing more satisfying vocally ever has been heard from the Orpheum stage than the manner in which she soared through the operatic numbers. The most intricate runs, trills and cadenzas did not even leave a suggestion of difficulty. It was

## TRINITY AUDITORIUM

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TUES. EVE., MARCH 2nd

SAT. MAT., MARCH 6th

Alma  
Gluck

SOPRANO

75, \$1.00 \$1.50, \$2.00



Gluck===  
Zimbalist

VIOLINIST  
Joint Recital

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## MASON OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Wednesday  
and Saturday

ALL NEXT WEEK—MATS. WED. AND SAT.

### Rose Stahl

In a New Comedy By Channing Pollock and Rennald Wolf

"A PERFECT LADY"

THE TANGO CRAZE DRAMATIZED

Prices: Evenings and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$2.00; Wed. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.

## HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATRE BROADWAY NEAR NINTH

ALL NEXT WEEK—BEGINNING SUN. NIGHT, FEB. 28

Returning in All Its Inspiring Splendor

Henry W. Savage's Production of the Dramatic Spectacle,

### EVERYWOMAN

DRAMA! OPERA! SPECTACLE! MUSICAL COMEDY!

Prices: Nights 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Bargain Mat., Wednesday. Best Seats \$1.00. Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50. Andrew Carnegie says: "Everywoman" is a play that gets under the surface of things. It is thought-provoking."

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BACK AGAIN—THE GREATEST FUN FAVORITES

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"A PECK OF PICKLES"

## Orpheum

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Every Night at 8, 10-25-50 75c. boxes \$1.

Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c. boxes 75c.

Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices

Last week here, CHING LING FOO and his company of ten Magicians; Mlle. MARYON VADIE & CO., Lyric Dancers; MILT COLLINS, "Speaker of the House;" HAVILAND & THORNTON, "At Tourville;" NEWHOUSE, SNYDER & CO., "Awakening of the Devil;" Paul Armstrong's "WOMAN PROPOSES;" ELINORE & WILLIAMS, Hunter & Hunter-ess; Special Feature, MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE, Exposition Dancers. Symphony Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice a Week News Views.

## Pantages

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, FEB. 22  
Matinee 2:30 Every Day--Nights 7:10 and 9:00  
10c 20c 30c

8 ACTS

PROGRAM  
CHANGES  
MONDAY

Harry Girard & Co.—Presenting  
"The Luck of a Totem"

Vivian Marshall's Famous Diving  
Beauties

## MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street Near Sixth

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEB. 28TH

The Hilarious Farce,

### "SEVEN DAYS"

WITH EVERY BURBANK FAVORITE IN THE CAST

Seats Selling. Prices: Night, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c.

as if she had simply liberated her voice and permitted it to float on a current of melody. Yet, it is not the sort of voice one cares to hear in ballads, for it is brilliant, self-reliant, rather than tender or sympathetic. The audience at a vaudeville show is always sentimental, however, and is not inclined to draw such fine distinctions. Jomelli was given such an ovation that she probably will continue singing the easy little numbers as a rest from the bigger ones.

Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, adds a touch of refinement to the program early in the evening. She produces a fine, smooth, even tone, and a fluency of melody of delicious quality. Paul Armstrong's one-act play, "Woman Proposes," is the best thing he has ever done, and a remarkable thing about the performance is that it is enhanced by the deliberate assignment

immunity from that pervasive material as to face and hair. At the Burbank this week Mr. Farnum, after extensive experience with moving pictures, is playing the same role, and doing it so much better that he must look back upon his starring tour with considerable shame. In moving pictures the incidentals like those mentioned make half the story. The picture house audience cannot believe Mr. Farnum has ridden across the desert unless clothes, face and all agree in telling the story. So at the Burbank Mr. Farnum is putting into practice the things he has learned in working for the movies. This is the keynote to the entire play. So far as the staging, the harmony of costumes, the team work and all other incidentals are concerned, the Burbank is giving this week a better performance of "The Squaw Man" even than that presented by Faversham's company



ALMA GLUCK, PRIMA DONNA, TO SING AT TRINITY

to several of the roles of the sheerest tyros in acting. It is inconceivable that such simplicity could be assumed, and it is just what is needed to bring out the point at which Mr. Armstrong is aiming—that even when man thinks he proposes he does not do so, and certainly does not need to. Anna Chandler is the representative of the uproar to which reference has been made. She is noisy, all the way from her disposition to her hair. Many like her. Eleanor Haber nearly stars in a sketch apparently written with Rose Stahl in mind, but then that is something that Miss Stahl cannot prevent. When the show opens with a sketch—dodge. It closes with Alice Eis and Bert French in their sea-foam dance, the only holdover.

#### Farnum Learns From Pictures

When Dustin Farnum played "The Squaw Man" on the road half a dozen years ago or more, he never permitted the exigencies of the desert drama to muss up his handsome features. He would enter in the scene at the saloon, just off his horse from a long ride across the desert, with his cheeks pink and blooming, slapping alkali dust off his clothes, but showing a remarkable

when the play was new, though of course, one must admit that Farnum lacks a little of the personal forcefulness that made Faversham's impersonation a thing to remember. But as to scenery and ensembles, the Burbank's performance is supreme. The Burbank, it appears, is rapidly redeeming itself from a rather haphazard condition of not so many weeks ago, when there seemed to be a lack of the direct control that alone can make a stock company satisfactory.

#### Peggy O'Neil's Development

It is less than a year since "Peg o' My Heart" was last played at the Majestic, and here it is back again. On that occasion Peggy O'Neil, a newly discovered actress, played the star part with great success. She also is back again. It is interesting to note what a year has done for this delightful young woman. She is surer of herself, her grasp of her art is more certain, the tremulousness of youth, partly ambition and partly astonishment at her own powers, has given way to a budding maturity. This does not materially improve her Peg, for it is a role in which her inexperience itself added largely to her

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Monday, March 1, 8:15 p. m. Tickets 25c and 50c

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Betty Nansen in "The Celebrated Scandal"

Added attraction: Ninth episode of "THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE"  
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charm. Laurette Taylor, with consummate art, learned to simulate the things which Miss O'Neil possessed naturally. This is noticeable, particularly in the little songs. Miss Taylor would sing them with a bit of quaver and suggestion of a voice that might break any moment. Miss O'Neil did so likewise last year, but, apparently, she has been "taking vocal," and is now rather proud of being able to sing clearly and easily. These are minor things, however, and only after Peg has been back and forth half a dozen times or so does one notice them. The charm of the delightful romance is all there, and Henry Stanford as Jerry, provides an atmosphere of force and dignity that has not always been present in performances of the Manners classic. Miss Lillian Kemble Cooper, the charming English girl with the musical voice and perfect enunciation, who was at the Burbank for a few weeks, is in the cast, and delightfully herself. The drawing power of the play seems to continue unimpaired.

#### Rose Stahl at Mason

For an engagement of one week only, beginning Monday night, the Henry B. Harris estate will present Miss Rose Stahl at the Mason opera house in her latest hit, "A Perfect Lady," a comedy by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Miss Stahl has achieved her success as a comedienne by unique and effective methods. She has a capacity for winning the laughter and hearts of her audience at the same time. In this play the authors have dramatized the tango craze. It is the introduction of the tango into the town of Sycamore, Kan., by a trio of theatrical folk, which forms the plot of the piece. The character drawing of the people of this middle western village in contrast with the three personages from the burlesque troupe, is said to be par-

ticularly effective. The company includes Frank Beamish, Beatrice Noyes, Raymond von Sickle, Cherrie Carlisle, G. Davidson Clark, Adelle Adams, Wilmer Bentley, Agnes Marc, Charles Mathews, Marion Stephenson, Charles E. Sturges, Carl Harbough.

#### "Everywoman" at the Majestic

Henry W. Savage's great spectacle, "Everywoman," will be given at the Majestic Theater for the week beginning tomorrow night, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This remarkable play, unlike every other theatrical offering ever devised as it is, combines the dramatic, the picturesque, the beautiful, with a dash of light opera. It cannot be called a play, or a fantasy, or any other one thing, because it is none of them to the exclusion of all others. As usual Mr. Savage has given it a production which is surpassingly beautiful, and all the unique characters, Youth, Beauty, Modesty, Nobody, and so on, who surround Everywoman, will be portrayed by real artists.

#### "Seven Days" at Burbank

"Seven Days" is one of the cleverest farces ever written, and for the last few years has been immensely popular. It will be presented at the Burbank next week, and should prove one of the big laughter occasions of the season. Mary Roberts Rinehart is the author, and the play, as will be recalled, is adapted from her story, "When a Man Marries." The story of how a group of people come to be thrown together in a most disconcerting tangle is one of the most amusing ever devised.

#### Kolb and Dill Back Again

There is one announcement which never fails to thrill playgoers, the news of one of the frequent visits of Kolb and Dill. They are coming back

to the Morosco Theater next week with one of their most hilarious performances, "A Peck of Pickles." The name does not mean anything in particular, however, for it might as well be "a bushel of potatoes" or "a wagon-load of watermelons," as it is simply Kolb and Dill who make the show. Of course they will be surrounded, as usual, with a great array of clever players, singers, dancers and comedians of lesser caliber, but it is the fact that there will be a Kolb and Dill show that will attract the crowds to the Morosco.

#### Girard at Pantages

Home-coming of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Girard will be the event of the week at Pantages. Mrs. Girard (Agnes Cain Brown), joined the company two weeks ago in San Francisco to play her original part of the girl in "The Luck of a Totem" on the home stretch of the tour. This is the only change in the company that left Los Angeles three months ago to play the Pantages circuit. The other feature act of the program is supplied by Vivian Marshall and her bunch of bathing beauties, the Water Lilies. This act also originated here. Hilliar, the talkative trickster, with sleight of hand, juggling and shadowgraphs, accompanies himself on the mouth-organ. Quinn Brothers and Marion are programmed for singing, dancing and talking. Helen Hamilton and Jack Barnes have been credited with the greatest proportion of absolutely new songs and jokes for an act of that kind. Manager Walker promises a genuine surprise for the sixth number of the program. Keystone comedies continue the pictorial feature.

#### Orpheum's New Bill

Ching Ling Foo, who, with dainty Chee Toy, the prima donna, and the big company of ten magicians and performers, has been a great hit at the Orpheum, will headline that theater's bill for one more week, beginning Monday matinee, March 1. The bill brings here for the first time an act that originated here, and has proved a complete triumph everywhere in vaudeville—the Hans S. Linne presentation of Mlle. Maryon Vadie and her eight little girl companions in lyric dances. Mlle. Vadie and all her coryphees are daughters of well known local families. Another dancing act is to be offered by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, the "exposition dancers," who first did a tango in public here. They bring the latest steps. Milt Collins, "the speaker of the house," is a monologist. Butler Haviland and Alice Thornton are offering a patter and song act, "At Trouville." Newhouse, Snyder & Co., with their cycling oddity, "The Awakening of the Devil," may be counted on for much mirth. The holdovers are the Armstrong satire, "Woman Proposes," and Elinore & Williams, of hilarity fame. The Pathe twice a week news views and the orchestral concert as usual.

#### Students Give "The Piper"

Everyone who has heard of the famous piper of Hamelin town and his exploit in charming away the rodents with his fascinating tunes, knows the peculiar power of Josephine Preston Peabody's delightful fancy, "The Piper." The Wallis School of Dramatic Art announces a student production to be staged March 1 at Gamut theater. The rehearsals, under the energetic direction of Daniel Reed, have been vivacious and highly entertaining. Mr. Reed, a popular Los Angeles boy who for five years has met with gratifying success in stock work and en tour, has received hearty support in his present dual role of the magic piper and as director of the large student company, composed of sixty children and thirty members of the adult classes. Supporting Mr. Reed are

Charles Maurice leValle and Glenn Clifford Palmer of the strolling players, Michael-the-Sword-Eater and Cheat-the-Devil; Richard K. Schade, Theodore Thomas, Ambrose Bonfield, Erle Cawthorne Kenton, Walter Findon, Edward Willumsen, Alvin J. Bailey, Andrew J. Sesma, Reginald Street, Edwin Reed as men of Hamelin; Signe Larsen, Gladys Smith, Bessie Livingston, Frances Shelt, Della Morgan and Welma Scherer as women of Hamelin and Annie Miller Moore and Masters Jack Brooks Vallette, Earl Hurley and Byron Williams as children with speaking parts. These, with groups of burghers, nuns, priests and children make up attractive stage pictures, representing pa-

(Charles W. Cadman), Faery Song (Kurt Schindler), Will o' the Wisp (Charles G. Spross).

For the second extraordinary treat in the coming week, Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, already a favorite here, will be heard in a farewell concert, a joint recital with Mme. Gluck—in private life, Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist. The program will be opened with the seldom presented but rarely beautiful Vivaldi-Nachez Concerto A Minor for violin, piano and organ. William Edson Strobbridge has been asked by Mr. Zimbalist to preside at the organ for this number. There will be two groups of violin numbers, while Massenet's lovely Elegy, and Braga's "Angel's Sere-



MARGARET BATTERSON AS YOUTH IN "EVERYWOMAN"

tient, painstaking but happy labor on the part of both director and student players.

#### Alma Gluck Recitals

For his mid-season artists' recitals, Manager Behymer announces the coming of Alma Gluck, the distinguished and popular soprano, next Tuesday evening, March 2, at Trinity Auditorium, while Saturday afternoon, March 6, in the same auditorium, Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, will be heard once more, this time in joint recital with Mme. Gluck. Alma Gluck's meteoric advancement in the musical world has added a new and interesting chapter to the history of prima donne. Despite the poverty of her childhood days, her early struggles and disappointments, Gluck possessed three great blessings—brains, a beautiful voice and a splendid health. Following will be her Tuesday program: Air of Asteria, from the opera "Il Telermaco" (Gluck), Ridente la Calma (Mozart), Un moto di Gioia (Mozart), Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me (Handel), Mermaid's Song (Haydn), Du bist die Ruh, and Die Forelle (Schubert), Die Lotosblume and Der Sandmann (Schumann), Botenschaft (Brahms), Bohemian Cradle Song (Smetana), Peasant Song (Rachmaninoff), Chanson Indoue and Song of the Shepherd Lehl (Rimsky-Korsakoff), Allah (Geo. Chadwick), Little Grey Dove (Louis Victor Saar). From the Land of the Sky Blue Water

nade" will be given by Miss Gluck and Mr. Zimbalist together. Miss Gluck will include the aria "Depuis la jour" from Charpentier's "Louise," the opera made famous in this country by Mary Garden. The program will be closed by a group of seven folk songs, including the Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French, Scotch, German and American, a group of rare merit, and one never before included on any program.

#### Nansen Eye at Miller's

"The Celebrated Scandal," a drama that mercilessly castigates the curse of gossip, is the film attraction extraordinary at Miller's for one week only beginning Monday. Featured in this wonderful Fox production is Betty Nansen, a famous tragedienne, supported by a splendid cast of players including Edward Jose, already famous as the portrayer of "The Fool" in "A Fool There Was." Betty Nansen, with her eyes alone, can thrill an audience until it breaks into laughter or sobs. In one scene she wears a golden gown of jeweled brocade valued at \$10,000. The added attraction to this great bill is the ninth and latest episode of the famous "Exploits of Elaine" stories.

#### Has Distinguished Admirers

That the fame of the Mission Play as a unique institution of Southern California is nation-wide was demon-

## Did You See It?

that article in the newspaper about the foolish man who kept his savings in his trunk? Well, anyway, some one took his money. A wise person will keep savings money in a bank. More particularly a bank that is a member of the Clearing House Association (like this Bank) and, still more particularly, in a Bank that pays five per cent compound interest payable semi-annually.

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strated last week by the presence at every performance of distinguished persons from all parts of the country. President Lovett of the Southern Pacific, and Mrs. Lovett, accompanied by President Shoup of the Pacific Electric, and family, were in one party, and were warm in their commendation of the play and the work of the artists presenting it. Oscar and Nathan Straus and their families came to San Gabriel from the Hotel Maryland, expecting to see an amateur production similar to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. They said they were never more agreeably surprised; that they "came to scoff and remained to pray." Oscar Straus, the former cabinet officer, said the Mission Play was presented much better than the play at Oberammergau, and also was accurate historically. Martin Maloney, the Standard Oil man of Philadelphia, who was made a Papal Marquis in recognition of his munificence in providing for the restoration of churches in Italy, visited the playhouse with Col. George McLean, the Pennsylvania coal operator, and made arrangements for another visit with a party of friends from the Maryland. Although it was Lent, the performance was witnessed by many Catholic and Episcopalian clergymen, including the Franciscan Fathers from the Mission of San Luis Rey, who were accompanied by several priests exiled from Mexico. Monday, February 22, Washington's birthday, the play was presented for the 500th time.

If any subscriber has copies of The Graphic of July 12, 1913, or March 15, 1913, we will pay 25 cents each for them. The Graphic, 114 East Fourth Street. Phone A 4482.

#### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, February 18, 1915. 013518 Notice is hereby given that Andrew B. Humphrey, of Santa Monica, California, who, on July 5, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013518, for NE¼ SE¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. M., and on September 5, 1911, made additional homestead entry No. 013821, for NW¼ SE¼, N¼ SW¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m. on the 6th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Thew, C. L. Burrett, both of Cornell California; Elmer M. Smashey, of 1018 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, California; C. L. Weise, of 2015 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, California.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

Non-Coal

# Social & Personal

**F**OLLOWING several interesting betrothals and a surprise marriage within the last fortnight, the Los Angeles society folk were given a pleasing thrill this week, when announcement was made by Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake of 2715 South Hoover street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Daphne Drake to Mr. Sayre Macneil, son of Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil of South Figueroa street. Sunday afternoon at an informal little tea given at the beautiful colonial home of Miss Drake's parents, the information was divulged to a few of the closest and most intimate friends of the two families. Both Miss Drake and her fiancé are exceedingly popular in the younger set, and their marriage will unite two of Los Angeles' oldest and most distinguished families. Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, mother of the groom-elect, is a daughter of the late James S. Slauson, one of the city's most prominent pioneers. She is not only a leader in the exclusive society circles here, but also is actively interested in the world of letters and art, as well as in music. Miss Drake, a niece of Mr. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Mary Longstreet and Mr. Alfred Wilcox, who are descendants of the illustrious Spanish settlers, has only recently returned from abroad. Her formal debut marked one of the brilliant social events of last season, following which she was extensively feted by society. Mr. Macneil who is an honored graduate of Berkeley and a member of Psi Epsilon, is one of the best read and most promising of the younger attorneys of the city. No date has been set as yet for the wedding, but it is likely that early fall will probably be chosen by the young couple for the event.

Tuesday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood in St. James Park was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when their eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wood became the bride of Mr. James Langford Stack, prominent clubman and polo enthusiast. The ceremony was performed before the immense pipe organ at the stair landing in the reception hall, by Rev. Morris Turk of the Congregational church. The house was converted into a garden of deep red Richmond roses, ferns and tulle ribbons. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charming in a creation of lace over white satin. Her veil was caught by sprays of orange blossoms and she carried an arm shower of lavender orchids, lilies of the valley and ferns. Mrs. Joy Clark assisted her sister as matron of honor. She was attired in a gown of azure blue silk with tulle draperies and carried pink roses. Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Conchita Sepulveda and Miss Mona Wood were the bridesmaids. They wore gowns of palest pink tulle draperies and carried arm showers of pink rosebuds and ferns. Mr. Frank Carlisle served Mr. Stack as best man and the ushers included Mr. Joy Clark and Mr. Perry Wood. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served in the flower decked dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Stack are enjoying a honeymoon trip to Honolulu, but they will return here for a brief visit before leaving for their future home in Wheaton, Ill.

Seldom has a Los Angeles audience of "exclusives" been better entertained at a private musicale than was the case last Sunday night at the

beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswig on West Adams street, when fascinating Miss Lorraine Wyman gave a charming program of French and English songs of the country in a way that won for her the highest encomiums. The young woman has exceptional dramatic talent; her voice, while not big, is pure and sweet, and her art is so perfect that it conceals art. Mrs. Brunswig was a delightful hostess and with Mrs. John P. Jones welcomed about two hundred guests. Refreshments were served following the musical program. Next Friday at the Huntington hotel Miss Wyman will give another of her unique musicals to which Mr. Linnard has issued one thousand invitations.

Mrs. C. Q. Stanton entertained at her home, 448 Andrews boulevard, Wednesday, with an informal tea. The guests of honor were Mrs. Claire Duffie, formerly Miss Katherine Chichester, and Miss Agnes Britt, who with her mother and sister, Mrs. E. W. Britt and Mrs. David Barmore, recently returned from Europe. The home was attractively decorated with quantities of golden acacia and the hostess was assisted by Mrs. William Chichester and Mrs. Britt. About twenty-five guests were invited for the afternoon.

Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil was hostess Monday evening at an informal little dinner party given in honor of Miss Daphne Drake, and her son, Mr. Sayre Macneil, whose betrothal has just been announced.

Miss Rose Lippincott of West Adams street entertained informally Tuesday evening with a small dancing party. Sixteen guests enjoyed the merry occasion.

Mrs. L. E. Garden-Macleod of Sixth and Alvarado streets entertained with an "at home" Tuesday evening last. Music and the usual features were enjoyed. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hector Alliot, Mr. and Mrs. John S. McGroarty, Mr. Edmund Mitchell, Judge and Mrs. Conrey, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rose, Col. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. James T. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Mr. Hamilton A. Wolf, Mr. Alexander, Miss Ethel Hays, Miss Grace Noe and others.

Mrs. Mary Norris, daughter of Mrs. Mary Banning of Commonwealth avenue, is a guest of her mother and is again renewing old friendships after an absence from Los Angeles for the greater part of several years. Just how long she will remain has not been decided. Mrs. Norris will, undoubtedly, be the recipient of much entertaining during her visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Long and their daughter, Miss Jean Long of the Darby, are leaving soon for a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Of interest to their many friends in Los Angeles is the announcement by cablegram of the safe arrival in Honolulu of Dr. and Mrs. Peter Janss. Dr. and Mrs. Janss are on their way to Australia, the trip having been planned for the benefit of Dr. Janss' health.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst of 3558 Wilshire boulevard, entertained with a dinner Wednesday evening, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the well known suffragists who are touring this part of the country.

Mrs. Robert P. McJohnston and her daughter, Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett, entertained at the home of Mrs. Mc-

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Gros de Londres, plain, figured and brocaded

Chiffon Taffeta—in demi colors and Camelion—plain, figured and brocaded.

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*These just-arrived silks for Spring—1915—are positively the last importation from Europe.*

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Johnston, Franklin avenue, with a large bridge tea Saturday afternoon in compliment to Miss Julia Stevens of Seattle who is the house guest of her sisters, Mrs. E. F. Bogardus and Mrs. M. C. Nason of Sunset boulevard, the latter two assisting at the tea. Tables were arranged for sixty guests.

One of the most attractive and delightfully arranged affairs of the week was the luncheon and bridge party with which Mrs. Otto Sweet entertained Tuesday afternoon at her home in South Vermont avenue. The beautifully appointed table had as a centerpiece a golden basket with tiny electric globes of pink roses with sprays of foliage. The place cards were hand-painted sketches of pink rosebuds and the favors were dainty pink baskets filled with bonbons and nuts. Her guests included Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr., Mrs. James Crampton Anderson, Mrs. Carl Leonardt, Mrs. David A. Hamburger, Mrs. J. Edward Betzold, Mrs. John J. Jenkins, Mrs. Harry Fryman, Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. Frank Powell, Mrs. Herman F. Vollmer, Mrs. Irving Hellman, Mrs.

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George J. Birkel, Mrs. Ralph Marx, Mrs. P. G. White and Miss Clara Leonardt.

Mr. John A. Kling, a prominent financier and banker of Cleveland, Ohio is visiting his mother and sister, Mrs. Mina Kling and Miss Katherine, of Hollywood boulevard.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Reed and their daughter, Mrs. Roger C. Tredwell of Cincinnati, are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Humphreys on Pico boulevard, Venice. Dr. Reed is a brother of Mrs. Humphreys and has an international reputation as a surgeon. Mrs. Tredwell, who has been in the consular service of the United States for several years, recently returned from abroad.

Formal announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Weaver of 1845 Edgemont street, Hollywood, of the engagement of their daughter, Lila Elise to Rev. Neal Dodd, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, Petaluma. The wedding will be one of the events of April. Miss Weaver is a niece of Mr. Arthur Letts of this city and Hollywood.

Mrs. John P. Whitmore of 1143 Fairview avenue, and Mrs. William D. Newerf of 424 Monterey road, entertained with a charmingly-arranged bridge tea and Kensington party at the Woman's Club House, Tuesday afternoon. Fragrant blossoms and a profusion of greenery were tastefully used in the decorations. Assisting the hostesses in entertaining their guests were Mrs. P. O. Gardner, Mrs. Norman Foote Marsh, Mrs. William H. Harrison, Mrs. Otis Byers Manchester and Mrs. George C. Bush.

Miss Inez Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of Hotel Darby, is visiting her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Metcalf, in Providence, R. I. Miss Clark plans to be away several weeks.

Mrs. Seeley Mudd entertained with a charmingly-appointed luncheon at the California Club Saturday, in honor of Mrs. George P. Reynolds of Chicago and her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Earl Reynolds, who are guests at the Huntington. George Washington souvenirs were used in decorating the tables, places being arranged for eight. Later, the guests enjoyed the production of "The Clansman." Mr. and Mrs. Earl Reynolds are on their honeymoon which will include a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Guy Whitaker was hostess Saturday afternoon at a bridge luncheon at her home in Fifth avenue, the decorations being carried out in a manner suggestive of George Washington's birthday. A crystal bowl filled with violets, resting on a lace doily, formed the centerpiece for the table, while to each guest's place was caught a scarlet satin ribbon attached to a dainty hand-painted place card of cherries. Covers were laid for Mrs. C. M. Jones, Mrs. Walter Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Leonardt Smith, Mrs. Carroll C. Holmes, Mrs. Hermann Ferguson, Mrs. Gabriel Grellck, Miss Julie Weyse, Miss Minnie Montague and Mrs. Whitaker.

Miss Marjorie Ramsay of Western avenue is enjoying a delightful visit in San Francisco where she is a guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. W. Pennoyer.

#### At Hotel Virginia

Among the prominent recent arrivals at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, are Mrs. Z. V. Vickers and Miss Clara Vickers, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Webster, Seattle; Mrs. Mary Merger, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kuckle, Duluth, Minn.; Miss Frances Alabaster, Riverside; George L. Zimmerman, Milwaukee; A. J. Koch, Milwaukee; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Custer, Pomona; Mrs. Samuel Klausen, Chicago; Miss M. M. Winter, Chicago;

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Lowell, Colorado Springs; B. H. Denison, Coronado; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brown, Rockford, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Minneapolis; W. H. Woodruff, Los Angeles; Mrs. Lee J. Sharp, Butte; Mrs. Eugene Carroll, Butte; Miss Ada Hocker, Cincinnati; John R. Lamb, Winnipeg; Lieut. W. R. Munroe, Mare Island; Mrs. M. M. Reade, Chicago; Henry A. Parter, Phoenix; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Henry, Rockford, Ill.; G. H. Finley, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Spinks, Los Angeles; H. F. Parmley, Sioux Falls, S. D.; C. A. Newton, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McMillan and daughter, Winnipeg; Mrs. A. M. Kay, Winnipeg; Dr. J. M. Ford, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Sawyer, Denver; Mr. H. I. Heinz, Pittsburg; Mrs. George B. Lee, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. James M. Sherman, Chicago; H. M. MacLeod, Winnipeg; W. L. Richards and family, Winnipeg; Harry S. Johnston, Milwaukee; and Mrs. J. H. Brock, Winnipeg.

#### Royal Tour of Near-Queen

Miss Sibyl Mather, whom the Pacific Electric employes have nominated to be the queen of fiesta, made



Miss Sibyl Mather

a royal tour of her prospective domain this week. The private car of General Manager MacMillan was transformed into a coach of state, and in it Miss Mather traveled from one end of the Pacific Electric system to all the other ends, meeting the employes of the road, and in her own charming manner, enlisting the support of her subjects-to-be. The Pacific Electric band formed an escort, in order that her coming might be fittingly announced, and there has been a great increase all along the line in the interest of her candidacy.

#### Polo Players at Coronado

With the arrival of the great eastern polo players at Coronado, the Hotel del Coronado and Coronado Country Club have become the focusing points for society and polo enthusiasts of the United States. The greatest national polo tournament in the history of California, which began last Sunday, and will end March 15, promises to leave a classic record with uncommon memories. The players and their wives came to California

in Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rumsey's private car. Mrs. Rumsey is the daughter of the late E. H. Harriman. In the party are Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Milburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Rene LaMontagne, Miss Eleanor R. Sears, and Messrs. F. S. von Stade, Harry and Larry Waterbury. This notable group is supplemented by Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hitt (formerly Katherine Elkins) of Washington, D. C., who are also active in the outdoor sports. Mr. and Mrs. Hitt preceded the polo party, and since their arrival at Coronado have been busy at the Coronado Country Club, either with golf or tennis. Mr. Hitt rides a polo pony and rides well and Mrs. Hitt is an enthusiastic pedestrian. Miss Sears is in her element when it comes to things in the great outdoors. Pasadena polo players who are here are E. Q. McVitty of Oak

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Knoll, who has a fine string of sixteen polo ponies at Coronado; Dr. Z. T. Malaby who has eight ponies here, and Carleton Burke, Harry and Reginald Weiss, W. A. Boucher and Ted Miller.

# Music

By W. Francis Gates

WHILE the program presented by Arnold Krauss at the Gamut club auditorium last Thursday night was not one which took much space in print, it was one which sufficed to show there has been no diminution of his artistic abilities since his last public appearance. It is said to be many years since he last gave a recital. He was for fifteen or more years concert master of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra, and was recognized as standing next to Harley Hamilton, its organizer, in furthering the artistic interests of that body during their long years of association with it. Mr. Krauss also was at the head of the string quartet bearing his name, which for several seasons was the only representative of chamber music in this city. At this recital Mr. Krauss played two concertos, the Tchaikowsky, op. 35, and the Mendelssohn, op. 64. Besides these larger works there were a Chopin-Sarasate nocturne, a Mozart menuet, the Hugay "Zephyr" and the Saint Saens Rondo Capriccioso. It is rather late to say, after all these years of playing in Los Angeles, that Mr. Krauss has a large technical equipment, ample for the taxing works he played, and at the same time plays with excellent taste and expression. He was aided by having a violin of unusual excellence for concert work, and this is no small asset, as the violinist largely is at the mercy of his violin maker as to tone quality. The Tchaikowsky concerto, especially in the first movement, abounds in technical difficulties; in fact, it seems to me that the possible beauty of it is rather obscured by the demands it makes on a player's technic. And yet, that is what a concerto is for—to display the capabilities of the instrument and the player's command of the necessary technic. The second movement, a canzonetta, has a beautiful singing theme, deliciously played by Mr. Krauss; and the final allegro makes up for lack of interest in the first movement. The Mendelssohn concerto is played so much that no special mention of it is necessary. The lighter numbers were played with Mr. Krauss' accustomed deftness of touch and expression, and the good sized audience enjoyed the whole recital to the full. The piano accompaniments were furnished by Anna Schulman, who proved a capable and sympathetic supporter for the recitalist.

At the last symphony concerts a vote was taken as to two numbers the symphony audiences would choose to hear at the next pair of concerts. Opportunity was given to select one symphony and one shorter number. The highest vote went to the Schubert "Unfinished" symphony and as to shorter numbers to Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" and Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture. It is stated that Tchaikowsky ran second and Beethoven third in the symphonic list. And it will be noted that we do not like modern symphonies, for at the tail end of the list came Franck and Brahms. Now as to the reasons for the choice made: To start with, the Schubert work isn't much of a symphony. It has but two movements, so the voters evidently thought they would get through the symphonic dose quicker if they chose the shortest one in the

repertoire. And then Schubert is predominantly melodic and his development does not require close attention. It is good to note that the Tchaikowsky "Pathetique" stood second on the list, a vote which does more credit to our musical taste. As to the Beethoven—well, we are getting a bit past him, now-a-days, and enjoy more tonal coloring than he offers. It was to be expected that Franck and Brahms would run low, as these works had been the most recently performed, and it was entirely natural that out of a series of only six concerts the audience would not care to have a repetition. The same idea kept a part of the general list low in vote. All the Wagner numbers ran high—showing our taste is decidedly Wagnerian—with Debussy, Ippolitow-Ivanow, Strauss and Liszt closely following. Altogether the vote speaks well for the musical taste of our symphony goers—as two votes would have passed the choice from Schubert to Tchaikowsky—so closely divided are the melodists and the colorists. Considering the difficulty of procuring new musical scores just now, the present plan doubtless is a good one and may assist in popularizing the orchestra. In addition to those stated above is the Beethoven triple concerto, for piano, violin and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment which will be played by Mr. and Mrs. Becker and Mr. Simonsen. So Beethoven need not feel slighted by getting only half as many votes as the modest Schubert.

At the Ebell club house, Friday evening of last week, the Saint Saens quintet gave its first concert of 1915, the special feature of the program being a quintet by Carl Angeloty, the viola player of the organization. Although this was played last it may be well to speak of it first. The work is for string quartet and piano. Mr. Angeloty has a versatile melodic gift, which appears to good advantage in this composition, especially in the slow movement and in the finale. At the same time he shows that he is well schooled as to contrapuntal writing and seems to have the technic of string writing at his finger ends. The scherzo is quite light in character, leaving the best work in the quintet to appear in the last movement—which is as it should be. A vital feature of all such writing of music is climax, and it is the writer of judgment who reserves his best until the last, mounting to a gradual climax. However, a greater condensation in the last movement would be advisable. It is natural the writer of this work should not have gone far from the conventional paths nor should have attempted the novelties of the extreme modernist. Another hearing doubtless would reveal added interest. The other concerted numbers were the trio, opus 19, of Mendelssohn, and the Godard quartet opus 33, but in a general way the best work of the evening outside of Mr. Clark's solos, was done in the Angeloty quintet. The first violinist, Edwin H. Clark, was heard in two selections by Ries, an adagio and a "Perpetual Motion," followed by a Pierne encore selection. His playing was done with a technic and good taste that keeps him among the leading violinists of the southwest and which brought him several enthusiastic recalls. In the absence of W. H. Clark, Jr., the sec-

ond violin, his place was taken by Carroll Shirley with entire success. The audience was large and evinced a fully appreciative interest in the work of the performers.

At the final concert of the Lebegott forces, at Temple auditorium last Sunday, the concert was more solo than orchestral. Mrs. E. S. Shank sang two interesting new songs by Fannie Dillon in a way that did herself and the composer credit, in spite of rather shaky orchestral support. Mrs. E. P. Makinson offered "Elizabeth's Prayer," from "Tannhauser" and Cadman's "Sky Blue Water," both well sung; Millicent Virden played the Caesar Franck "Symphonic Variations" and an encore number. A chorus of fifty voices did good work in "Creation" and "Messiah" selections, one directed by Carl Bronson and the other by Mr. Lebegott, the "Hallelujah" chorus being the most successful number on the program. The orchestra numbers were few, opening the program with the Hadley overture, "In Bohemia," which was well played. Josef Riccard conducted a new composition of his own, "The Convent," which is written along popular lines and in which he worked up his material in a musicianly way. Mr. Lebegott has labored nobly to make his programs successful in the face of popular apathy. He has done well to put his baton into the hands of various local composers and thus shown his broadness of spirit. The right kind of attendance would have enabled Mr. Lebegott to make his concerts much more successful.

Fifth of Archibald Sessions' vesper organ recitals will take place next Wednesday afternoon at Christ church. The soloist will be Miss Louie Davison, a violinist, a newcomer here and an artist of much ability. Mr. Sessions' program is not yet announced, but it will include the Good Friday music from "Parsifal" and the Chopin Funeral March.

Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week, the Brahms Quintet will present the third of this season's chamber music concerts in Blanchard Hall. It will be assisted by Fred G. Ellis, accompanied by Miss Blanche Ebert. The program includes two piano quintets, one by Mrs. H. A. Beach, the other by Edgar Stillman-Kelley. The group of songs for baritone are by Mac Fadyen, Gena Branscombe, Huntington Woodman and William Hammond, completing an entirely American program. This is in keeping with the great movement for the further development of American music.

Tomorrow afternoon two gifted couples will present a musical program at the Krotona Institute, Hollywood—Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Colby and Mr. and Mrs. William Bassett. Piano numbers will be given by Mrs. Bassett and Mr. Colby and songs by Mrs. Colby, soprano, and Mr. Bassett, baritone. Local composers represented on the program are Roy Lamont Smith, John D. Beall and F. H. Colby.

Ernest R. Kroeger, one of the best known of St. Louis musicians, will bring out a new quintet for his recital at the Congress of Musicians which takes place in Los Angeles in June.

At the Gamut club musical smoker last week the soloists were Tracy Cheateam, baritone, J. D. Carlyle, tenor of St. Vibiana cathedral, and A. J. Stamm, pianist. Also there were readings and impersonations.

Not long hence the Orpheus club will give a public presentation of the Gamut club pageant given by that club three years ago in a sylvan retreat back of Hollywood, by and for the

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club members only. That was remarked as being one of the most successful things of the kind ever done by Los Angeles actors and singers, and the public opportunity to see this play by Carl Bronson doubtless will be used by many persons.

Next concert of the Orpheus club will be given at Trinity auditorium March 4, with Lillian Ammalee Smith and J. D. Hermann as soloists. The principal choruses programmed are "Drontheim," by Protheroe, "By Babylon's Waves," by Gounod, and "Haymaking," by Steeles, an English composer.

It is announced that the Boston symphony orchestra will visit the Pacific coast in May, playing at the San Francisco exposition the last two weeks of that month. It is greatly to be hoped the orchestra may be heard in Los Angeles when it is en route to or from San Francisco. That with the promised visit of the Metropolitan opera orchestra would give us orchestral food for thought for quite a time.

It is a fine program that the symphony orchestra and the combined Ellis and Lyric clubs promise for next month. Beethoven's Ninth symphony is promised, the clubs mentioned singing the choral section of the symphony—the first symphony to have a choral part.

Mrs. Mary Carr Moore, a prominent musician of Seattle, is visiting in Los Angeles. Mrs. Moore has the distinction of being possibly the only woman who has written an opera, orchestrated it and conducted it. This she did with her opera, "Narcissa" at Seattle, playing to \$4000 or \$5000.

Viola Ellis had a good measure of success at San Diego, where she sang at several recitals and with the symphony orchestra. She was the first vocalist to appear with the big outdoor organ at the Exposition, with accompaniment by Dr. H. J. Stewart. It is only a voice as large and true as hers that can be effective in such conditions.

Little, Brown & Co. announce "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley," by Belle K. Maniates, a story about a cheerful little slum-girl.



### Week of February 25 to March 6

George Innes—Twenty canvases—Museum Art Gallery.  
 Max Wiczorek—Twenty-five portraits and landscapes—Friday Morning clubhouse.  
 F. Hopkinson-Smith—Twenty-two water colors—Raymond Gould Gallery, 324 West Fifth street.  
 Louis Hovey Sharp—Six desert and Indian scenes—Kanst Gallery, 854 South Hill street.  
 Hand colored platinum mission views—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring street.  
 Miss Murdoch's Autochrome World pictures—Nathan Bentz Co., 213 West Fourth street.  
 Old Masterpieces—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe—614 West Sixth street.  
 Winsor & Newton oil and water colors—Duncan, Vail Co., 730-732 South Hill street.  
 Italian reproductions of old masters—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado street, Pasadena.  
 Rookwood Pottery—Mabel Watson studio—249 East Colorado street, Pasadena.  
 Gerald Cassidy and William Swift Daniel—Indian character studies and landscapes, Hotel Green, Pasadena.

### By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

**R**EFERRING to the necessity of an art gallery and the increased interest in art in Los Angeles, John W. Mitchell, president of the Municipal Art Commission, said: "There are many evidences of the growth of the art spirit in Los Angeles. On a recent Sunday afternoon I visited the museum of history, science and art in Exposition Park and I found it crowded. In the one room allotted to paintings, which, by the way, is one of the finest rooms I have seen for this purpose, were hundreds of visitors. I was told afterward that more than 2300 callers were counted that afternoon. In this gallery there were comparatively few paintings. A fair representation of the modern French school, some few average good works of American artists and on the west wall an exhibition of a local artist of merit. Still, there was not one celebrated or world-wide known painting to attract crowds. This leads to the inquiry: If this exhibition, located away from the center of population creates such an interest, does it not emphasize the great need of a municipal art gallery and that it should be supplied by the authorities. The old normal school site is an ideal location for an art center. A group of buildings should be erected, one to be a great auditorium, an art gallery and the main a library building, if there be room for all. The people of Los Angeles are art hungry, but aside from the creditable art of the local artists there is little to satisfy their cravings. Art is the main factor of culture and the art aspirations of the people make for higher civilization."

\* \* \*

Through March Max Wiczorek will show at the Friday Morning clubhouse his latest portraits, developed as colored drawings, in pastel, and six of his new landscapes in oil. His group of colored drawings revives an old form of portrait expression in a new guise—one more interesting because of its illusive subtlety of personality. The sketches have the suggestion of the charm and freedom of brush work and vibrant color and light, though their only tone values are created by red, white and black crayons. There is no undue striving for effect. It is difficult to interpret faithful portrayals of people without using forced notes. These substitute planes lose for many an artist the sentiment, singularly pure and dignified,

which alone can aerate that quality of distinction, without which portraiture becomes an inanimate thing.

Mr. Wiczorek's conception of the rudimentary knowledge necessary for portrait painting is interesting. He says: "A likeness must have verve, yet present the forceful characteristics of the subject portrayed. I do not believe in painting the general portrait, which to my mind, when completed, appears much like an undertouched photograph. I know people crave this style of art, but the artist in painting any personality with this finished artificiality cannot repro-

for interpreting portraiture Mr. Wiczorek shows the decorative completeness and admirable perception he has acquired for considered design. Some have strong lines of relief which do much to enhance the planes of value. They are handled in a delicate color sense, yet are virile and vital representations. A thing apart—an inspiration—will also be shown. It is a



MOTHER AND CHILD, BY MAX WICZOREK

duce a true likeness, as he must sacrifice the very touches he needs to make his portrait distinctive. The recording of first impressions is a valuable asset of the portrait painter. Without this accomplishment he is prone to interpret a characterization which a casual acquaintance may not recognize. These fleeting glimpses are frequently the most telling. They have the dash of personality not present after continued familiarity."

Note in the accompanying illustration this artist's use of his precepts. This "Mother and Child" is one of the three which represent him in the Fine Arts Building of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The others are those of Mrs. John P. Jones, a duplicate of which is to be shown here, and young John Farquhar, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar. In treating with pastel as a medium

head of Christ. The artist was sketching the portrait of one of his patrons, to be more exact, Mr. Robert K. Walton. Suddenly it came upon him—the divinity of the expression of the man. With him to think was to do, and while his sitter was talking he laid in the second composition and finished it later. When that gentleman will see it hung at the Friday Morning clubhouse he will first become aware of the artist's vision. In treatment, it has unusually fine handling. There is great depth and fine feeling in each drawn line. The monogram X. P. so often seen on the gravestones of martyrs forms part of the background of the composition. These are the first two Greek letters of the word "Christ." Mr. Wiczorek

(Continued on Page 15.)

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# Books

**C**HILDREN of Earth," the play which won for its author, Alice Brown, the \$10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames of the New York Little Theater for the best American Play, ran two weeks when it was produced, and closed ingloriously. Doubtless, it never will be seen again on the stage, but for the benefit of those who are not satisfied with the verdict of New York playgoers, it has been published. The essence of it is this: Mary Ellen Barstow, aged 46, has just been released from a lifetime subordination to the wills of others by the death of her father. Her elder brother now proposes to step in as ruler of her life, and she has barely strength to resist, and promise to marry Nathan Buell, whom she has not seen for many years, but who represents her life's romance. Buell appears on the scene, and turns out to be a mere money-grabber. Then Mary Ellen's real love is revealed to her as she saves from being ousted from his farm, Peter Hale, of a family of dreamers, fairly well-to-do but scorned as "queer." Peter is married, however, to a moody, half-Portuguese woman with a liking for liquor. Still his emotion and that of Mary Ellen, belated though its fruition is, sweeps them off their feet and they decide to run away together. The sight of Mrs. Peter, running half-mad through the woods, and yet holding herself down to her daily tasks, brings the elderly lovers back to earth, and the three hit upon an amicably arranged and desexualized ménage à trois. There is in it a touch of the spirit of Percy MacKaye's New England fantasies, and like them the play is only mildly interesting. Reading it in book form, it is difficult to understand how a jury with any knowledge of dramatic art could have awarded it the prize, if there was any kind of competition, but then, of course, that is easy to say after it has proved a failure.

George Middleton, so far as I know, never has had a stage success, and yet his one-act dramas are among the most popular with amateur players. This is simple enough. Mr. Middleton, as his latest volume of six tabloids proves, has mastered the difficult art of providing his audience with all the sensations of being on the verge of hearing something new, revolutionary or sensational, and then he deftly makes everything quite proper and conventional, thus striving, not merely to please, but to please both sides. In "Possession," for example, it would seem that he is about to make a case that a woman can hardly be so bad as not to be the better parent with whom to entrust a child than the father, following a divorce, but he becomes tangled and ends with a weak compromise, dividing the child's time between the two—one of the most ungodly customs of our benighted society. In "The Groove" he apparently starts out to show that the time comes when self-sacrifice ceases to be a virtue, but it peters out and the martyr goes willingly back to the stake. In "A Good Woman" one hopes that he is going to make a case for a couple who have the courage of their convictions in secretly living together without marriage, as marriage is impossible, but the courage is diluted by the woman's cleverness in outwitting the man who threatened exposure. "The Black Tie" is just a sad little thing about a mulatto mother whose boy was not permitted to

march "For the glory of God" in a certain Sunday School parade with white children. "Circles" hands out this riddle: Which is better for a child, to be brought up in a loveless home, or to be brought up by only one parent? As if there were any such thing as general solutions to individual problems. "The Unborn" is a study of the desire for children on the part of a husband, topped by the awakening of the maternal instinct in the heart of the wife by a bit of sloppy sentiment from a poor woman who stole the picture of a boy she never had seen so she could have a child in her home. The best and the worst that can be said for these plays is that they, undoubtedly, will become highly popular with the amateurs.

In this wilderness, let us offer up suitable thanks for a volume which I have been putting aside for two months because of its title—"Wisconsin Plays." What next? "Iowa Poems," "Arkansas Paintings," "South Dakota Sculpture," New Mexico Music" or "Missouri Dancing"—why not? The fact that these plays are from the repertory of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society is interesting, but not particularly thrilling, nor encouraging to a prospective reader. "The Neighbors," by Zona Gale, is a delightful study of the metamorphosis of a little community by the news that one of the poorest women therein was to be encumbered with a dead sister's small boy. Romance, sympathy, generosity—all beautiful dormant qualities are awakened, and stay so even when it is found that the boy is not coming after all. The grandmother, who had reached tottering age serving others, and still chafed because all she could do was make up balls of rags for rugs, is a delightful character. "In Hospital" is real drama. It is a scene in the annex to an operating room, and the various points of view are brought out with incisive keenness—the interne, the nurse, the husband, the wife who is the patient, and the surgeon. The lighthearted scene between husband and wife as she is about to go upon the operating table is comparable only to one thing in art I can now recall—Pagliacci's song—though the motif is different. It is by Thomas H. Dickinson, who shows a knowledge of psychology, dialogue and stage technique which promise that he will not long be simply one of three contributors to a volume of "Wisconsin Plays." "Glory of the Morning," by W. E. Leonard, the third play in the volume, is a typical symbolical American Indian fantasy.

These three books are particularly interesting at present as representing a revival of interest in the published drama, which, aside from Heubsch's edition of Hauptmann, has been wanting of late. They are significant because they show a greater interest in a theater audience and stage requirements, but still the American dramatist has not shown himself, as a class, capable of bringing to his work the same ruthless incision into and excision of his material that have made the Europeans his masters. As soon as he ceases being melodramatic and superficial he becomes wordy, and with the exception of the Zona Gale and Thomas Dickinson offerings noted, the merit of the plays in these three books is purely literary, and not at all dramatic. ("Children of Earth"; by Alice Brown; The Mac-

millan Co. "Possession" and five other one-act plays by George Middleton; Henry Holt & Co. "Wisconsin Plays"; Zona Gale, Thomas H. Dickinson and W. E. Leonard; B. W. Huebsch.) R. B.

## "Game of Life and Death"

Under the title, "The Game of Life and Death," Lincoln Colcord publishes a series of his short stories collected from various periodicals in which they first saw the light of print. These tales reek of the salt-water and waft the spicy odors of the China seas. Not so nautically technical as other sea tales, they have enough of sailor lore to attract the landsman. The writer knows his distant seas and several varieties of sailor man. And so with his graphic pen, with a ready flow of description, with a sauce of humor, at times grim though it be, one can always be assured that a Colcord sea tale will hold him to the last word. The author injects life into his tales, imaginative, highly spiced life it may be, but it is the live humanity that grips the reader. ("The Game of Life and Death," by Lincoln Colcord. The Macmillan Company.)

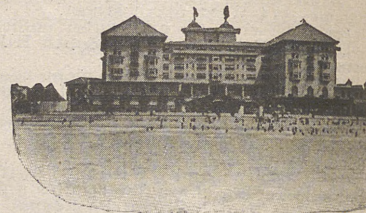
## "Story of Our Navy"

This story of the national navy is an excellent piece of literature and should find a place in every patriotic American home. In the administration of President Arthur, the reviewer happened to meet at dinner in an Asiatic port the engineer of one of the old type of American cruisers, a relic of Civil war times. It had just come up from Honolulu. "How long did you take to steam here?" was a question he put to Uncle Sam's officer. "We didn't steam, we drifted," was the reply that came in a disgusted tone. Pace the strenuous advocates of peace and disarmament, this condition of affairs was not creditable to our navy or nation. Early in his career Theodore Roosevelt set himself to remedy the defect. His "History of the Naval War of 1812" is a good piece of work, fair in tone and elucidating. It was brought out in 1882; and fifteen years later its author became assistant-secretary of the navy and put his shoulder to the wheel of reform. Meanwhile, another American, whose recent decease is a loss to the world at large, Admiral A. F. Mahan, had become an authority on naval affairs, with the publication in 1890 of his great masterpiece, "The Influence of Sea Power on History." The author of this handy and compact volume, who is professor of English at the United States Naval Academy, would have had little excuse had he not written something worthy and attractive. But his pages are no disappointment. In Chapter XVIII, there is a thrilling tale of the rescue of the Trenton from almost destruction. In a terrific hurricane

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Notice is hereby given that Mattie Klipper, of El Venado, California, who on December 26, 1911, made homestead application No. 014479 for SE $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 23, SW $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 24, Tp. 18, R. 18 W., and on March 5, 1913, made additional homestead entry No. 017945 for NW $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 25, NE $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 26, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a.m. on the 26th day of March, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Hull, John H. Taylor, James T. L. Harris, W. D. Newell, C. E. Mubbell, all of Elvenado, California.

NON-COAL.  
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

that swept the harbor of Apia in the Samoan Islands in March, 1889, the Trenton "seemed doomed to perish like the Eber and the Adler (two German cruisers) in the smoking breakers on the reef.... The Trenton had sails, but nothing larger than a tiny

storm-sail would hold out against the force of that hurricane. . . . Can-vas would not hold against such a wind, but strong men could—and did. Lieutenant Brown's idea was to make a human sail." It was the very ship that had drifted from Honolulu to Yokohama. "As men-of-war," so Dr. Stevens closes the chapter, "they (the Trenton and her consorts) were not creditable to a country as rich as the United States, but no one can read the story of the Samoan hurricane . . . without realizing that the officers and men on these old ships showed as fine a standard of discipline, of cool resourcefulness, and superb heroism in the face of death as the navy had ever boasted in its proudest days." ("The Story of Our Navy." By William O. Stevens, Ph. D. Harper & Brothers.)

### "Blind Eyes"

"Blind Eyes" is the name of a novel by Margaret Peterson, an English writer, who succeeds in turning out in this volume a sensational novel that has little to recommend it. The central character is a cynical young woman and the secondary characters are quite secondary in a literary sense. The story is one of the ordinary importations of tales reprinted in this country without reference to their real worth, or lack of it. It may be that the war will have one good effect—of supplying England with enough troubles in reality so that the imaginary ones as dished up in such books may be escaped for a time. ("Blind Eyes," by Margaret Peterson. Browne and Howell. Co.)

### Notes From Bookland

Harper & Brothers are preparing to bring out a new limp leather edition of the works of Mark Twain. Two volumes will be published each month through the year, beginning at once.

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod," published last March, is in its sixtieth thousand, and is said to have sold better during the last few months than ever before.

Hearst International Library Company will begin the publication next month of a series to be called "Miniature Classics," which will offer in each volume, of vest pocket size, some short English classic in prose or verse.

Stella G. S. Perry, author of many magazine stories and poems and children's books, is the wife of George Hough Perry, publicity manager of the Panama Exposition. She has been active for years in child welfare and anti-child labor work.

William Stanley Braithwaite, who compiles annually an anthology of the best magazine verse published during the year in this country, says that "the best poems in English inspired by the war have been produced by American poets."

"The Little Mother Who Sits at Home," by the Countess Barcynska, which will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a little story told in a series of letters revealing an intimate and sympathetic understanding between a mother and son.

"Marvels of Insect Life," by Edward Step Pyecroft, which McBride, Nast & Co. will publish next month will be very fully illustrated with unusual photographs showing community life among insects.

"Sanine," the novel by Michael Artzibashev, which has aroused an immense amount of interest and heated discussion in Russia since it was published there in 1907, is to be brought out in this country within a few days by B. W. Huebsch in a translation by Percy Pinkerton, with an introduction by Gilbert Cannan.

### ART AND ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 13.)

has conventionalized the X and introduced palm branches, because of their significance.

His fifteen three-color drawings will be of Mr. George Chaffey, Mrs. P. V. K. Johnson, wife of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. John P. Jones, Dr. Thomas Davidson, Dr. R. Wernick, Mr. Robert K. Walton, Mrs. Robert K. Walton, Mrs. Albert Hayes, Captain Von Muller of the "Emben," a full face portrait of his daughter "Anne"; another in profile; one of Mrs. Wiczorek which shows her in a new mood. Mr. George Kissmann and others. His pastels are "Bobby Stewart," a fine characterization of the lad, two of young Farquhar and a just completed one of little Flora, the daughter of W. I. Hollingsworth.

His oils are a full length of young Miss Mildred Hayes; "The Gas Tank"—a bit of White Plains, N. Y. A day in a storm is interpreted—the blue white lights of the elements throw reflections on all atoms. There is cold in the air. Illuminated shadows make interesting a wayside ditch spanned here and there with planked bridges. There is also an "Old Woman's Head"; "A Study of Zimmia's"; "A Moonlight Scene"; study of depleted "Trees" and others which will be reviewed before the exhibition closes.

\* \* \*

Many of us know F. Hopkinson Smith because he has written entertainingly of world-famous places and charmingly illustrated his volumes, but few have knowledge of his brush interpretations from viewing his pictures of these picturesque landmarks. Therefore, we may consider ourselves indebted to Raymond Gould, who, on his recent trip east, arranged the exhibition he is holding at his shop on West Fifth street. These twenty odd presentments remain until March 15 and are well worth viewing. They are colorful—and rich in the vibrations of Old World environment. The splendors of the past troop out—the marvels of architecture and here Mr. Smith's knowledge as an engineer show to advantage—the abandon of gardens—the happy indolence and faded sumptuousness; the by-gone pomp of the ages—all these sentiments tune into our memory of things as we view them. Now it's a bit of street life, again a traghetto, or ferry station—a sweep of a plaza—a mould stained interior or exterior of a palace—then a breathless lagoon—or perhaps a corner where lovers were wont to tune their lyres and make melodies they alone understood.

\* \* \*

To honor the memory of one who deserves such a honor, a loan collection of the water colors from the brush of the late Norman St. Clair has been on exhibition at Exposition Park for the last two weeks. They remain a few days longer; go to see them if you have not already done so. They are interesting because of the fine technique of this artist who started in as an architect, but found the poetic mood of nature so inviting that when she called to him to interpret the art of our landscape he became her willing slave. That he was a prolific worker is a well-known fact, yet it is recalled more definitely when gazing on the wall and screens in the gallery. More than forty of his compositions are shown. All exhibit his influence of restfulness and peace. The sea has no terror in his pictures and the land no severe elements. Always a fine colorist, he revels in the low keys of the chromatic scale. His gold is pure gold and his dross hath not the sting in it. He has run the Alpha and Omega of themes into his rendering of nature's fleeting emotions. "The Eternal Sea," how vivid

—yet how tender it is! "Awakening Hills" is a superb transcript. Its modeling, how one enjoys it! "Hills and Valley" is full of melody and the "Arroyo" suggests a day alive with glowing sunlight.

\* \* \*

Gerald Cassidy has been here and is gone again, but I caught him on a fleeting minute and he told me things about the Indians which are pertinent memories. He spoke of their humble spirit, how like children they are. Of their great religious superstitions and of the wonderful poetry of their nature. He cited this incident to illustrate his point: An old, greedy, unkempt Indian was walking with them over the desert plains. Among the sagebrush he caught glimpses of a yellow weed blossom, and leaving them, darted across the space bringing back the flower with much tenderness. "See," he said. "It is the smile of the All-Father who dwells in the sun." At another time they asked one where he believed God was. He answered, "Where you and I and love is—there God is." And the fancy they have for names. An ungainly being will be called Star Blossom, and a fat old squaw will come when you call "Agowa Cheta," meaning star-flower. Mrs. Cassidy, who is her husband's constant companion in all his work, added her suggestion of another name, "spirit of the lake." In this instance the name and its bearer were more suitably matched. It belonged to a young girl. All these details Mr. Cassidy works into his interpretations of the truly first Americans. He wants to depict them as they see themselves, not as he might visualize their characterization. In other words, as he himself said, "I do not want to idealize or make a Hiawatha of him." I never expect to paint a fighting Indian. It would be difficult for me to reconcile the dignity I have associated with them and such jarring notes. Their whole life is a prayer." His exhibition in connection with a smaller one of William Swift Daniel has been showing for the last two weeks in Pasadena and is being transferred from the shop on East Colorado street to the Hotel Green. I shall review them and Mr. Cassidy's work at the San Diego Exposition at a later date.

\* \* \*

Of interest to local painters is the fact that Bullock's made part of their exhibit for the Fashion Show this week a group of ten paintings loaned by the Kanst Art Gallery of South Hill street. The following were the artists represented: Maurice Braun, Louis Hovey Sharp, M. de Neal Morgan, Kate T. Cory, Anna Hills, William Lees Judson and Charles Curran.

\* \* \*

The Innes collection will be hung early in the week and is certain to create unusual interest to those who delight in visiting the gallery at Exposition Park. Perhaps, this is only a forerunner of what we may have later on. How appreciative we are of these special exhibits! May we have many more—and more extended ones.

\* \* \*

This is the last week of Miss Murdoch's showing of her fascinating autochromes. The Bentz gallery has had many visitors and all who have come have gone to return again in company with a congenial spirit.

\* \* \*

Madame Murat of O'Hara & Livermore in Pasadena, will tell us of ideal interior decorations for Southern California next week. She is well known in this field and should have something of value to say.

\* \* \*

What could be more truly artistic than a hand-made frame as a setting for hand-colored and hand-made photographs of the missions at San Juan Capistrano and San Gabriel? You

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can find these at Taber's on South Spring street—they are executed in the mission tones, so soft and restful in the harmonizing of a room.

\* \* \*

Mahratta colors and hues are much in demand. George Bellows used them extensively. Duncan, Vail and Co. have just received a large shipment.

\* \* \*

W. J. McCloskey of New York City, the well known portrait and figure painter, is here on a visit and remains indefinitely. He is the guest of his son, W. J. McCloskey, Jr., the naturalist and taxidermist of the museum at Exposition Park.

If any subscriber has copies of The Graphic of July 12, 1913, or March 15, 1913, we will pay 25 cents each for them. The Graphic, 114 East Fourth Street. Phone A 4482.

# Stocks & Bonds

**O**IL circles and stock market received a rude shock this week when the supreme court handed down a decision upholding the withdrawal of order of President Taft issued in 1909, without previous authorization of congress. As the decree reversed the rulings in the district courts of two different states, it came as a distinct surprise. The stocks of companies affected, such as National Pacific, Midway Northern and Maricopa broke rather sharply as a consequence.

The decision of the supreme court was given in the case of the Mid-west Oil Company, a Wyoming concern, but, approximately, the same points are involved in the California litigation. It is only about a year ago that a decision against the government was handed down by Federal Judge Maurice T. Dooling in one of the suits in this state. A petition for a rehearing was subsequently filed by the United States attorneys, and it is believed that the decree of Judge Dooling will now be reversed. Some are discussing the advisability of testing the California cases before the supreme court in any event, on the strength of the difference in the technical points involved, from those in the Midwest suit.

National Pacific has fallen to 30 cents at time of writing. Considerable Midway Northern was traded in at 12½ cents. Maricopa Northern has receded in bid and asked prices. These are the issues affected that are listed on the local exchange. Among the larger concerns which feel the influence of the decision are the California Petroleum Corporation and General Petroleum Company.

Something of a surprise was also sprung this week when Amalgamated declared its monthly dividend at the usual rate of \$1.25 a share. The stock readily braced up on the news, which was a flat contradiction of rumors that had gained wide circulation. It is apparent that any falling off of the company's earnings is, for the present, offset by the reserve fund which it carries. West Coast Oil Company has declared its regular monthly dividend of \$1.50.

Union Oil maintains a good tone, but is not traded in to any extent. The remainder of the high priced oil issues rule quiet, except for Western Union which came to the front for a few deals that were conspicuous because they are unusual. A few shares of Associated Oil have changed hands, but nothing of note has occurred in connection with this issue. Union Oil bonds found new owners at 84. For the rest, securities of this character were quiet.

With the exception of one reported off-board trade in Citizens National at \$240 and slight changes in quotations, bank issues were lifeless.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, February 19

**WAR NEWS:** German submarines continue sinking merchant vessels \* \* \* England to declare all food contraband \* \* \* President Wilson to maintain firmly his stand as to the accountability of Germany for any attacks on American vessels.

**GENERAL:** War between Villa and Carranza continues without decis-

ive action \* \* \* Shipping bill finally shelved and deadlock in congress removed \* \* \* Total timber loss by fire last year 600,000,000 feet.

**OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Policeman Wilson indicted on charge of beating prisoner to death in city jail \* \* \* Jitney bus ordinance still held over waiting for that fatal accident.

Saturday, February 20

**WAR NEWS:** Submarines occupying lanes of the ocean liners \* \* \* British coasting ship is sunk \* \* \* French artillery drives Germans back along the Aisne \* \* \* Russians suffer more reverses and retreat is said to be almost a rout \* \* \* Allies batter forts of the Dardanelles.

**GENERAL:** San Francisco exposition opens with great crowds in attendance, and fine weather arrives at the last moment \* \* \* Charwoman sues Rockefeller institute on the ground that she was used for experiments with serum \* \* \* Villa makes important gains on west coast of Mexico, nearing Mazatlan.

**OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Lima bean crop in this section estimated at \$8,000,000 \* \* \* Phone companies busy completing extensive, detailed inventories, in view of general discussion of probable merger.

Sunday, February 21

**WAR NEWS:** American steamer Evelyn with cargo of cotton for Bremen, struck mine and was sunk, causing sensation at Washington \* \* \* Austrian vessel fires on Italian steamers in Adriatic and riots in demonstrations against the dual monarchy take place in Rome \* \* \* Allies claim further successes in Flanders, and terrific battles are raging in Poland.

**GENERAL:** Plight of priests and Spanish prisoners since expulsion of Spanish ambassador by Carranza, is causing nervousness at Washington \* \* \* Poses fight battle with Indians in Utah.

**OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Two hundred churches unite in evangelistic campaign.

Monday, February 22

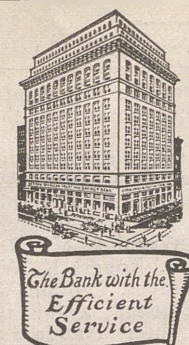
**WAR NEWS:** Zeppelin raids Calais and adjacent towns \* \* \* Further reports of Russian disaster show it to have been of the greatest importance \* \* \* Austria to begin using submarines in Adriatic.

**GENERAL:** Rockefeller's charities for the last year exceed \$6,000,000 \* \* \* Senate holds night sessions to rush through billion-dollar appropriations \* \* \* While Utah Indians are driven into gulch and surrounded, other red men in northwest are organizing poultry-raising colony \* \* \* Sarah Bernhardt's right leg is amputated.

**OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Chamber of Commerce holds twenty-sixth annual banquet \* \* \* \$15,000 jewel robbery reported by Mrs. A. F. Smith, wife of president of New York Central, at Beverly Hills hotel \* \* \* Commander-in-Chief David J. Palmer of G. A. R., visits Los Angeles.

Tuesday, February 23

**WAR NEWS:** Two more vessels sunk by submarines, including an-



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other American steamer, the Carib \* \* \* Cessation of active operations of allies against Germans permits the latter to continue offensive against the Russians with disastrous results \* \* \* French and English still pounding at the Dardanelles forts.

**GENERAL:** Army appropriation and fortification bills carrying \$6,000,000 passed by congress \* \* \* Further victories of Villa over Carranza are reported \* \* \* Important decision by United States supreme court affects millions of dollars worth of oil lands in California and Wyoming \* \* \* Great storm sweeps middle west.

Wednesday, February 24

**WAR NEWS:** United States may reply to destruction of neutral shipping by placing embargo upon all food destined for warring powers \* \* \* Nine vessels are sum of devastation by submarines in week \* \* \* Italy's prospective early entrance into war in aid of allies is again rumored.

**GENERAL:** Congress denies relief to Danbury Hatters who wanted their fine paid because of interpretation of law \* \* \* Oregon levying heavy tax upon wealthy people and corporations of Mexico \* \* \* President still has hopes for ship purchase bill.

**OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Fashion Show opens with handsome window displays in Broadway shops.

## Humors of Golf

There are not so many funny stories of golf as one might expect, although the tendency to profanity shown by otherwise worthy men is a stock source of amusement. "How is the Principal playing today?" inquired Dr. A. K. H. B., the essayist (Dr. Boyd) of the Very Reverend Principal Tulloch's caddie. "Eh, my!" was the awe-struck reply. "He was missing a' his ba's and damning maist awfu." But it must be remembered that the St. Andrews caddies call every expression of impatience "damning." One quiet elderly man who played constantly on the St. Andrews links kept to soft and gentle profanity. He used constantly to miss his first one or two balls at the tee, and would mutter after each failure,—"The dayful, the dayful." Another more voluble swearer was being watched by two children, a little girl and a boy still "littler." The golfer, observing them, stopped in his profanity and club-swinging to suggest that she had better take the little fellow away out of his reach; when she quietly replied: "Dinna mind, sir, he's stone deaf."

Another good man, an elder of the church—he was a retired Indian general—used constantly to break out into an oath when he missed his ball; and then he would mutter: "Oh, this is very bad of me," shut his eyes and utter a prayer for forgiveness. This is a true story from the links at Pau in the south of France.

The best way to learn the game is to form a foursome; that is, two players play the same ball turn about, against another ball played under the same conditions. It is considered too

slow by the ordinary restless American player, who with three of his friends will insist on playing his own ball. This gives four balls on the field at the same time, which makes poor golf. I would advise all beginners, and all who really love the game, to try the foursome. You then play not to "beat" but to make the best of good and bad "lies." A real golfer of the Scotch type is delighted to share a game with his opponent; but an eager American novice will never rest till he has either ended one up, or is defeated. He insists on playing the last hole over and over again till the issue is decided. I never knew this done in Scotland.

My first intention was to call the following poem "Holed in Five," but I changed my mind for the more romantic title. The other title reminds me of a good story of the game. A gawky but conscientious Scot was out playing with an Englishman, and they followed different routes up to the green. After they holed out the Englishman asked Andrew: "How many strokes did you take to the hole?" "Eight," conscientiously replied Andrew. "O-ou," returned the Englishman, "I took seven; the hole's mine." Next hole the same thing occurred; and the Englishman made exactly the same query, "Na, na, my mannie," broke in Andrew, "that'll no dae; it's my time to ask fir-r-st."

## Glory Dimple and the Colonel

A Golf Episode  
Tee your ball first of all,  
On the rubber with its floating tail of red;  
Then drive with all your might,  
Watch the white sphere in its flight,  
Till you see the Dimple light  
Far ahead.  
Now my ball has the call,  
On the turf he finds a place side by side;  
Take your bag and march ahead,  
Don't forget the rubber red,  
March to where the balls have sped,  
March with pride.

Lift her now o'er the brow  
Of that hill between you and the goal,  
See, she rolls upon the sand;  
Now my cleek will lend a hand,  
And I'll make The Colonel land  
Near the goal.  
Gently strike; I'll play the like,  
I've given you a stymie, look alive.  
The Colonel's hanging on the brim,  
Holed in four! That's good for him!  
Glory's chances now are slim—  
Holed in five.  
JAMES MAIN DIXON.  
(Note. The Colonel and Glory Dimple are favorite balls, so named by the makers.)

McBride, Nast & Co. will bring out next month a new book by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, whose "Secrets of the German War Office" has occasioned some lively discussion. It will have the title, "Secrets of the House of Hohenzollern."

John de Courcy MacDonnell, author of "Belgium, Her Kings, Kingdom, and People," a fall publication which has reached a third edition, is now a prisoner of war in one of the German prison camps.

If any subscriber has copies of The Graphic of July 12, 1913, or March 15, 1913, we will pay 25 cents each for them. The Graphic, 114 East Fourth Street. Phone A 4482.

# SIX DAILY TRAINS

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8:00 P. M., The "Lark."  
Arrive San Francisco 9:45 A. M.  
10:15 P. M., San Francisco Passenger  
Arrive San Francisco 3:30 P. M.

## VALLEY LINE

THROUGH THE "INLAND EM-  
PIRE" OF CALIFORNIA

6:00 P. M., The "Owl"  
Arrive San Francisco 8:59 A. M.  
7:30 P. M., Number 49.  
Arrive San Francisco 12:50 P. M.  
10:00 P. M., Number 7  
Arrive San Francisco 7:50 P. M.

California  
Orange Day  
March 20



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Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits,  
\$20,000,000.

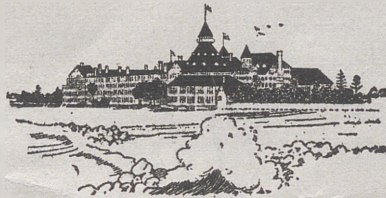
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